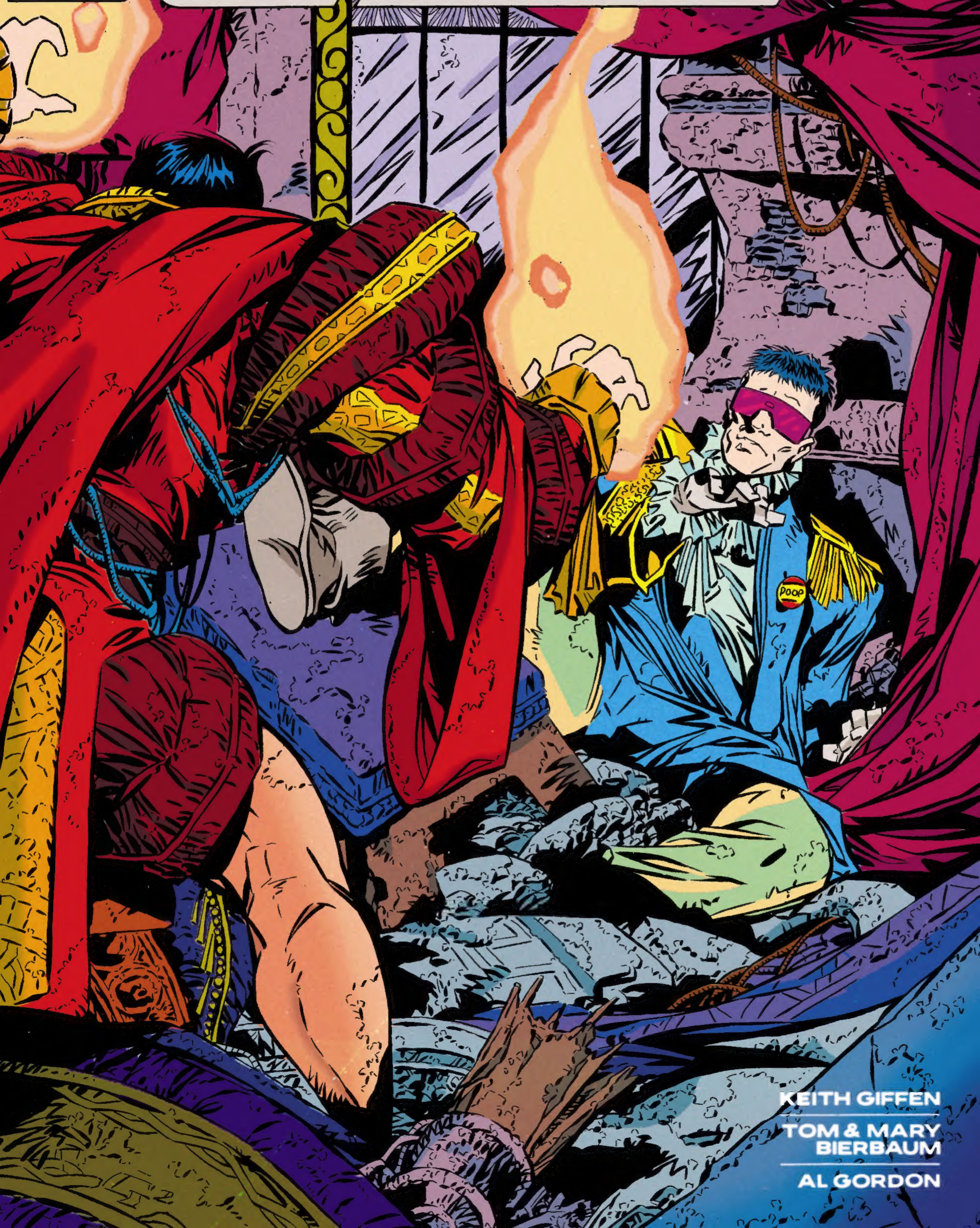




LEGION OF
SUPER-HEROES

14
JAN 91

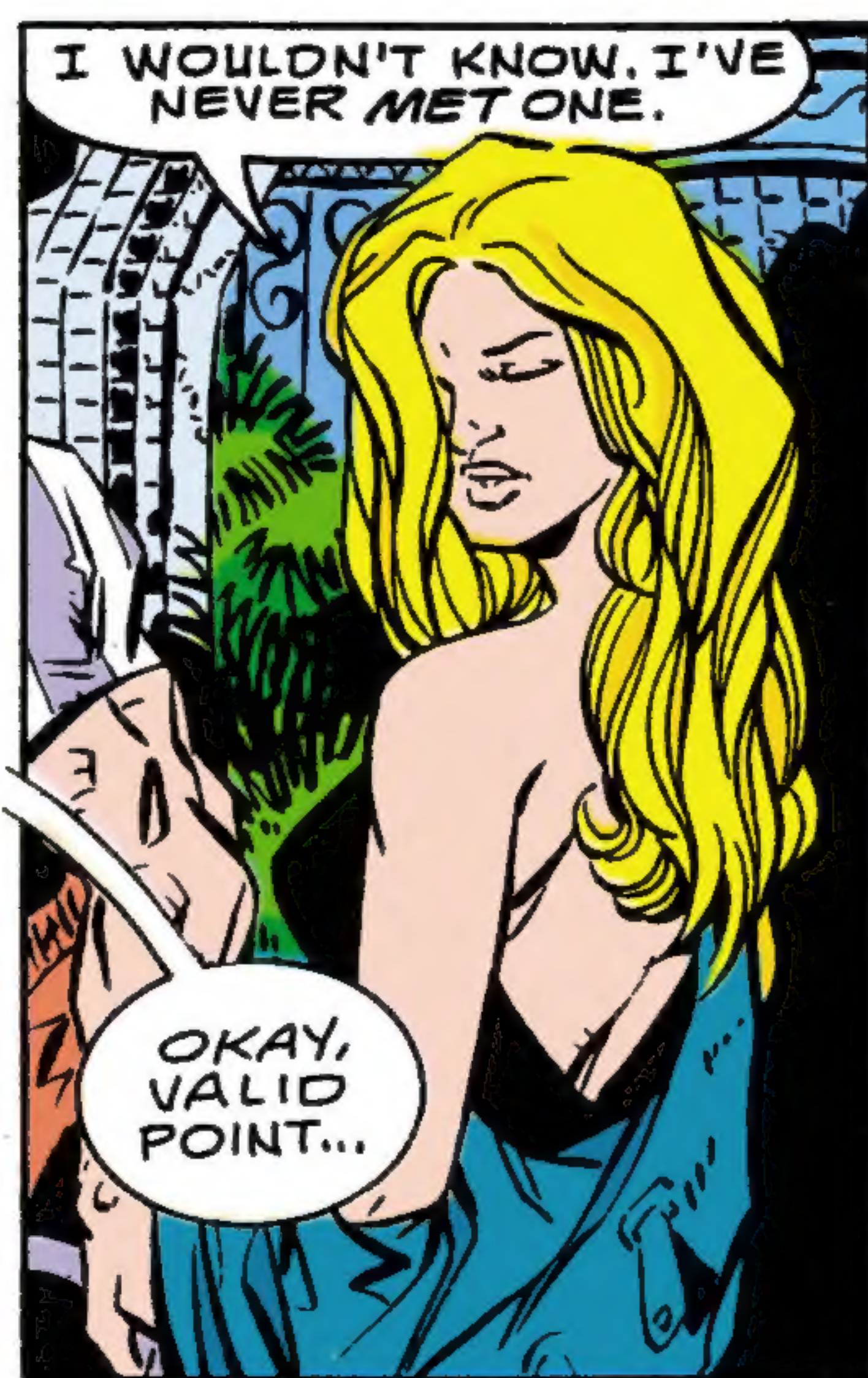
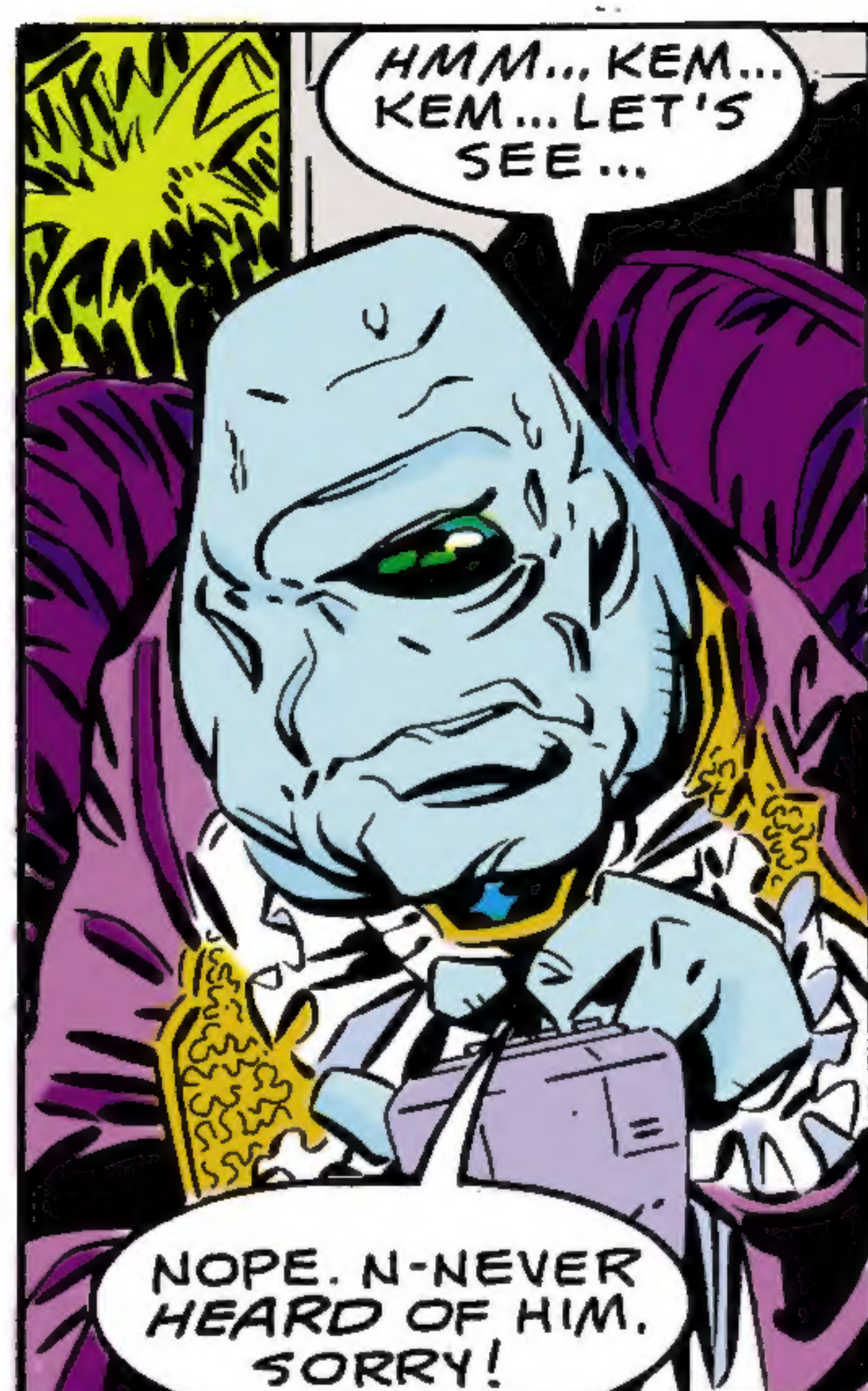
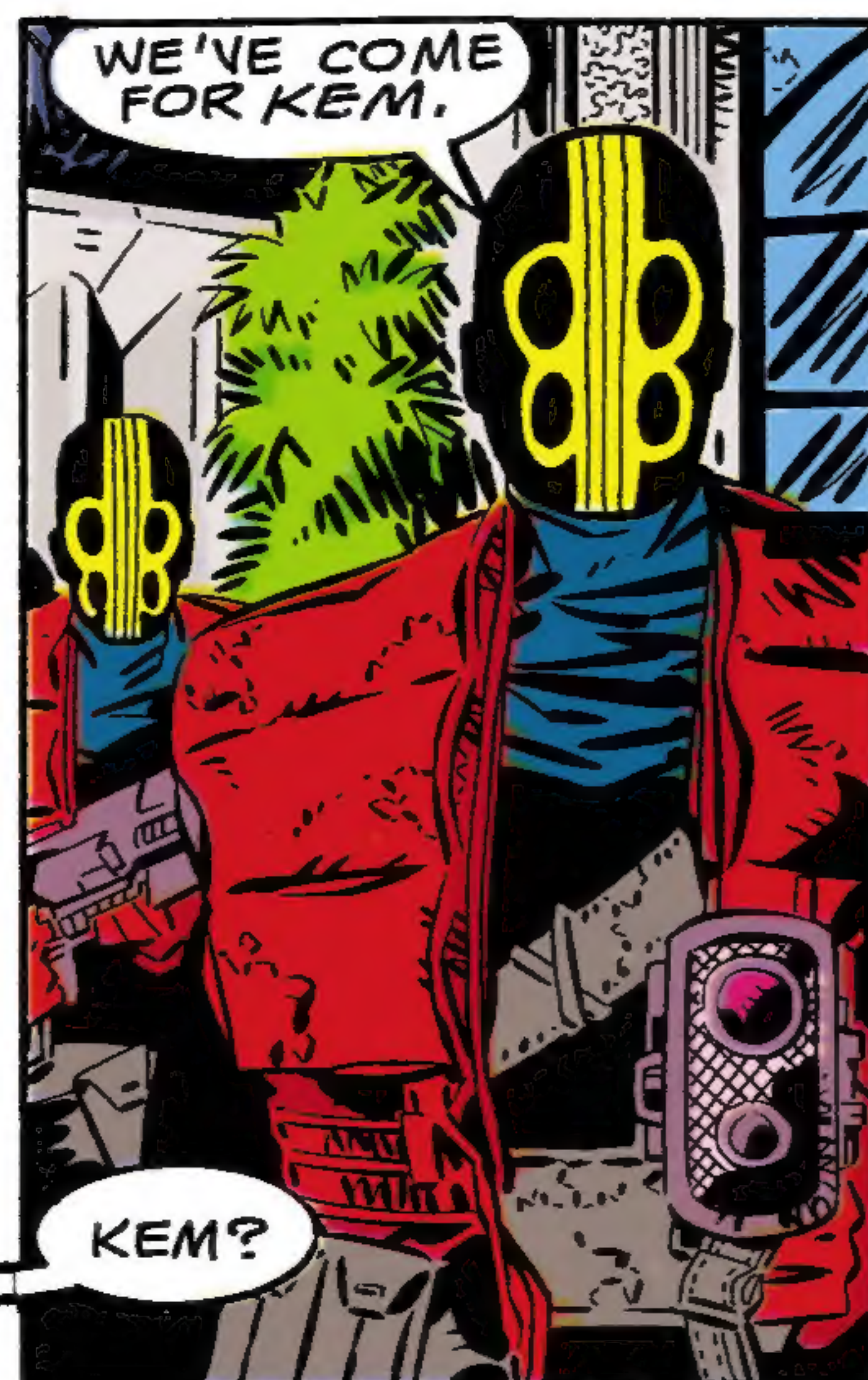
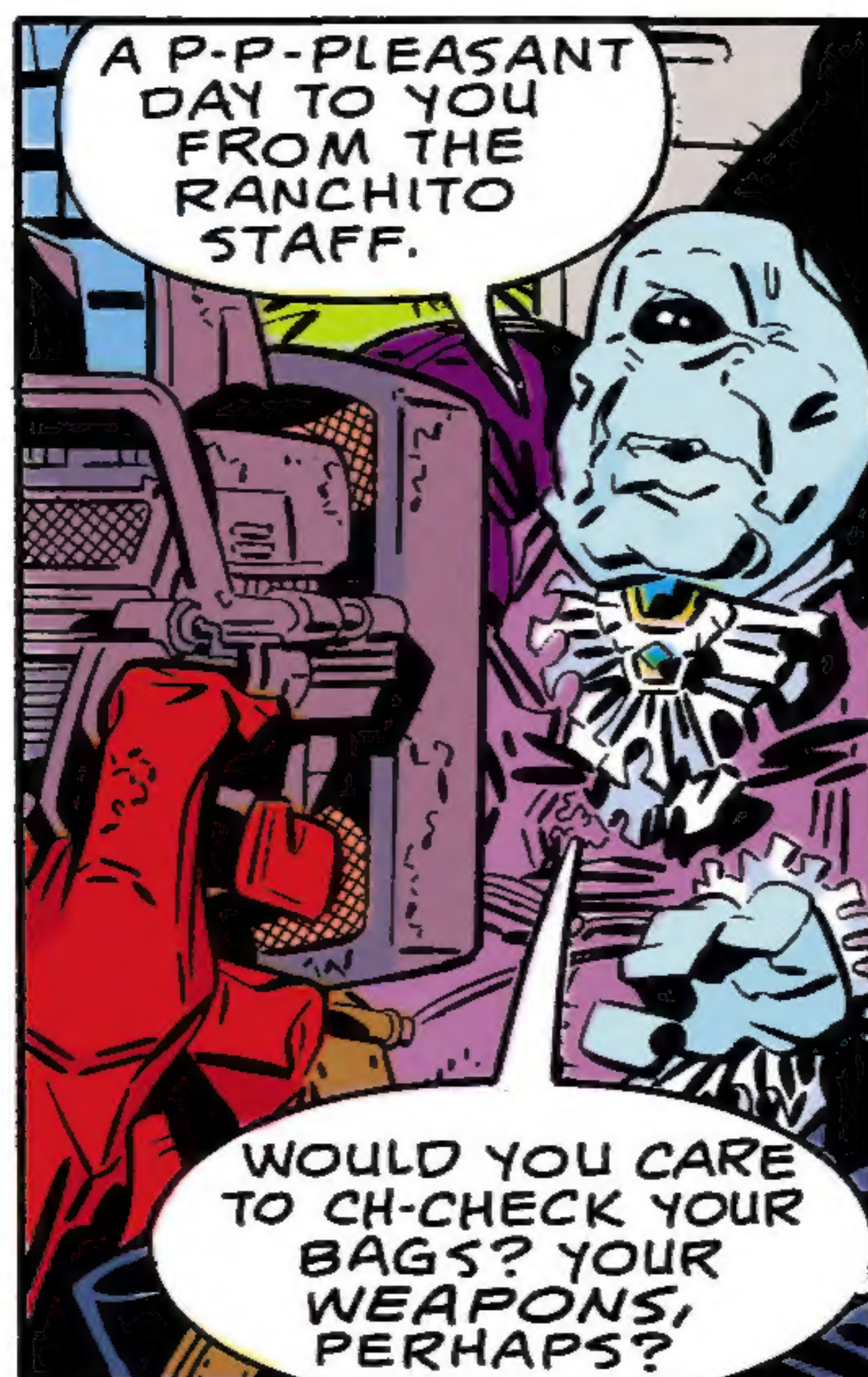
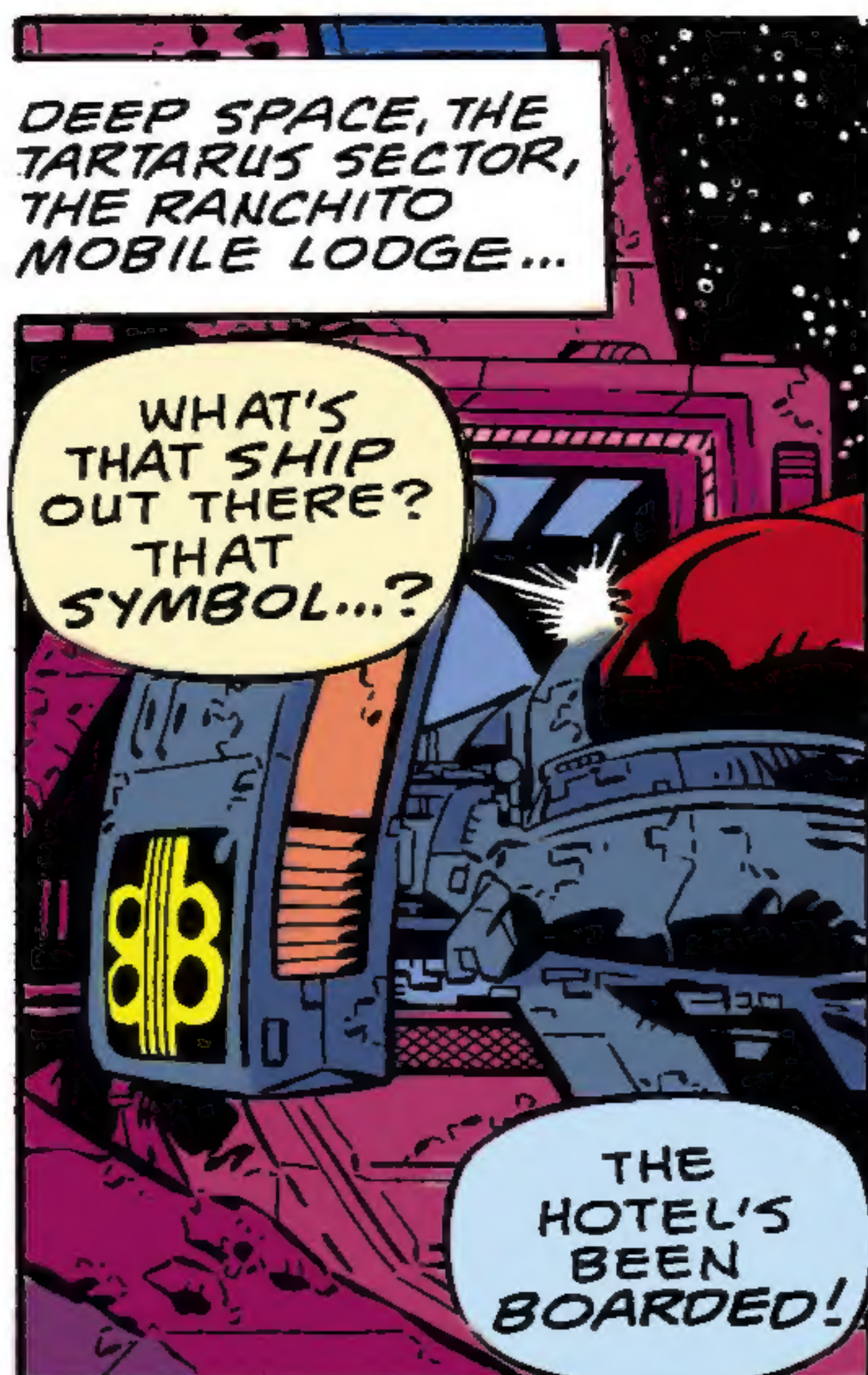
LEGION OF SUPER-HEROES®



KEITH GIFFEN

TOM & MARY
BIERBAUM

AL GORDON

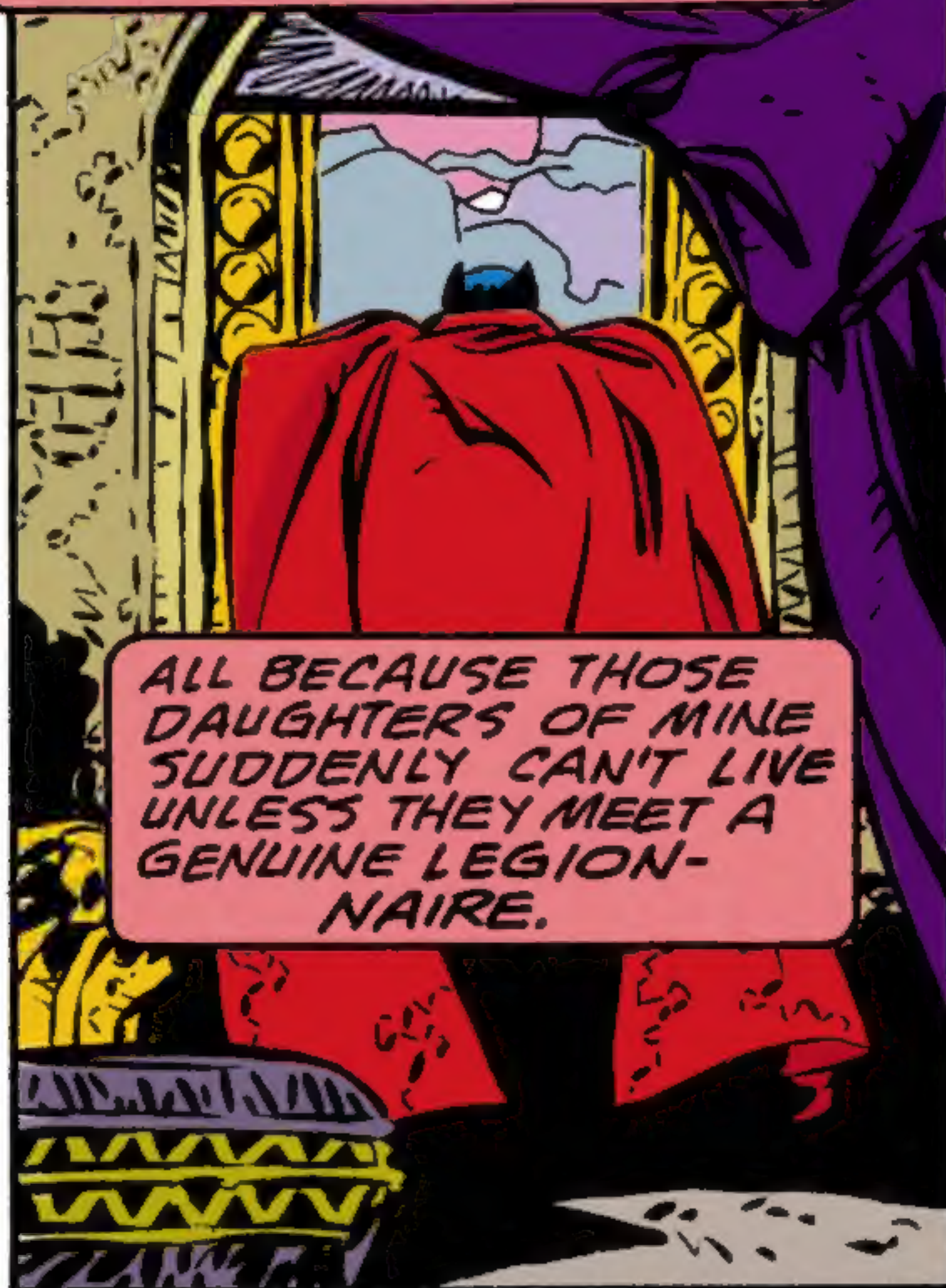


THE PALACE OF EVILLO,
PRINCE OF TARTARUS...



EMBARRASSING, REALLY...
SENDING MY ROYAL GUARD
OUT TO PLAY PASSENGER
PICKUP...

...RISKING U.P. SANCTIONS
BY ABDUCTING AN
ELECTED OFFICIAL.



ALL BECAUSE THOSE
DAUGHTERS OF MINE
SUDDENLY CAN'T LIVE
UNLESS THEY MEET A
GENUINE LEGION-
NAIRE.

AM I CAPABLE OF
DENYING THOSE
GIRLS ANYTHING?



THE LEGIONNAIRE
GUESTS HAVE ARRIVED,
PRINCE EVILLO. SHALL
I SHOW THEM TO
THE REGAL
SUITES?



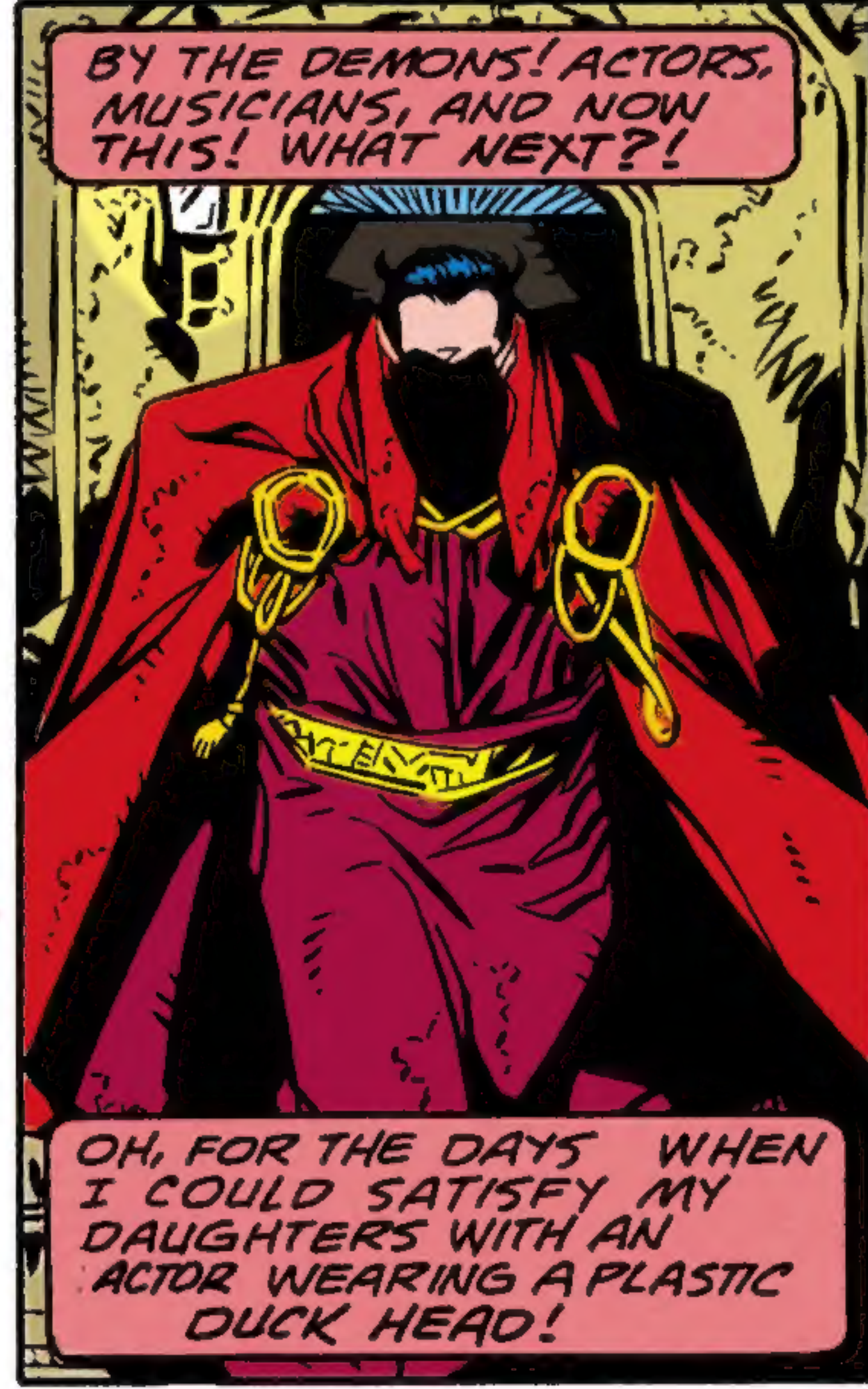
CERTAINLY
NOT!

THEY CAN SLEEP
IN THE GUEST HALL
LIKE ANY OTHER
COMMONER!

YES, YOUR
HIGHNESS!

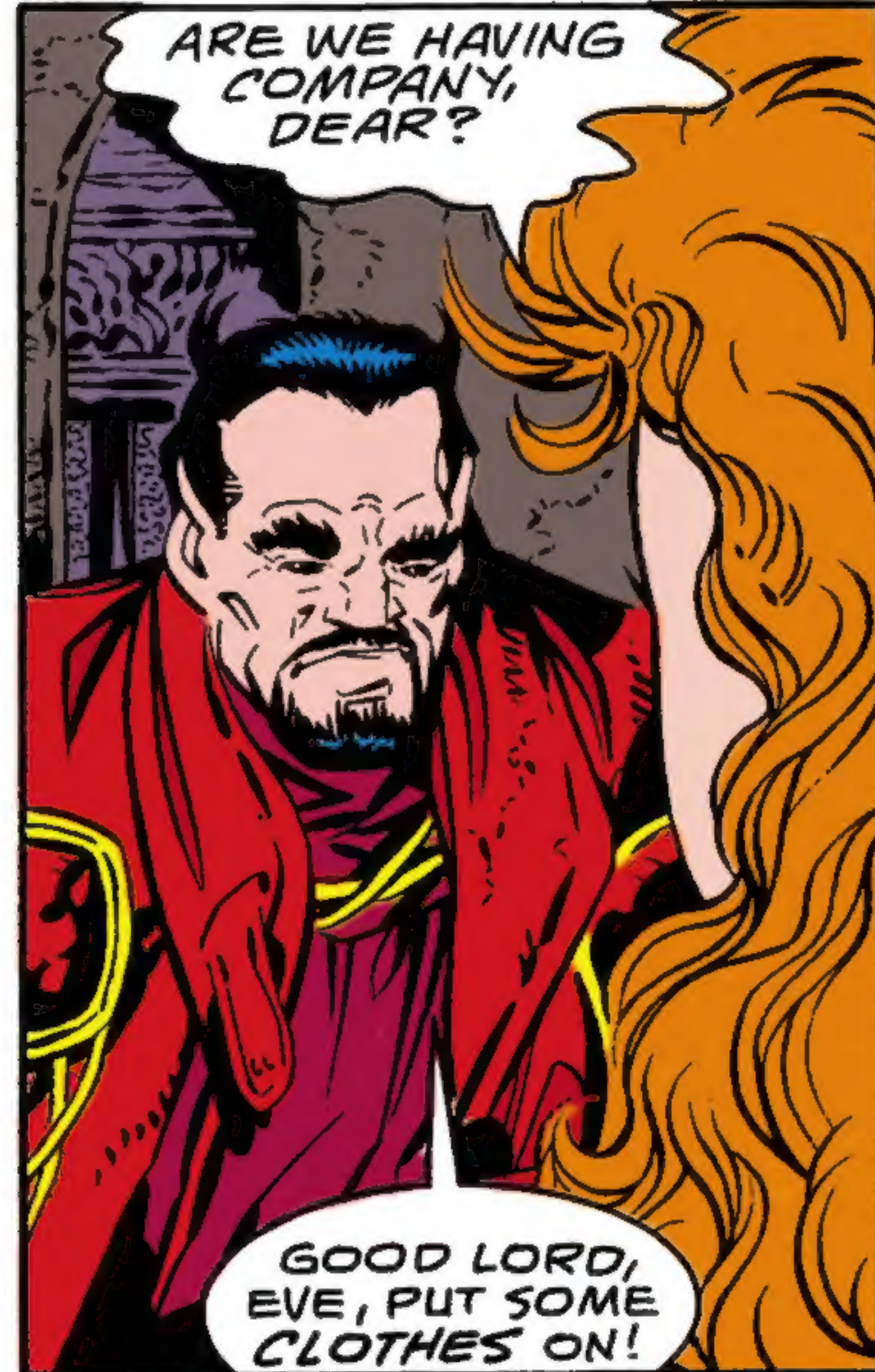


BY THE DEMONS! ACTORS,
MUSICIANS, AND NOW
THIS! WHAT NEXT?!



OH, FOR THE DAYS WHEN
I COULD SATISFY MY
DAUGHTERS WITH AN
ACTOR WEARING A PLASTIC
DUCK HEAD!

ARE WE HAVING
COMPANY,
DEAR?

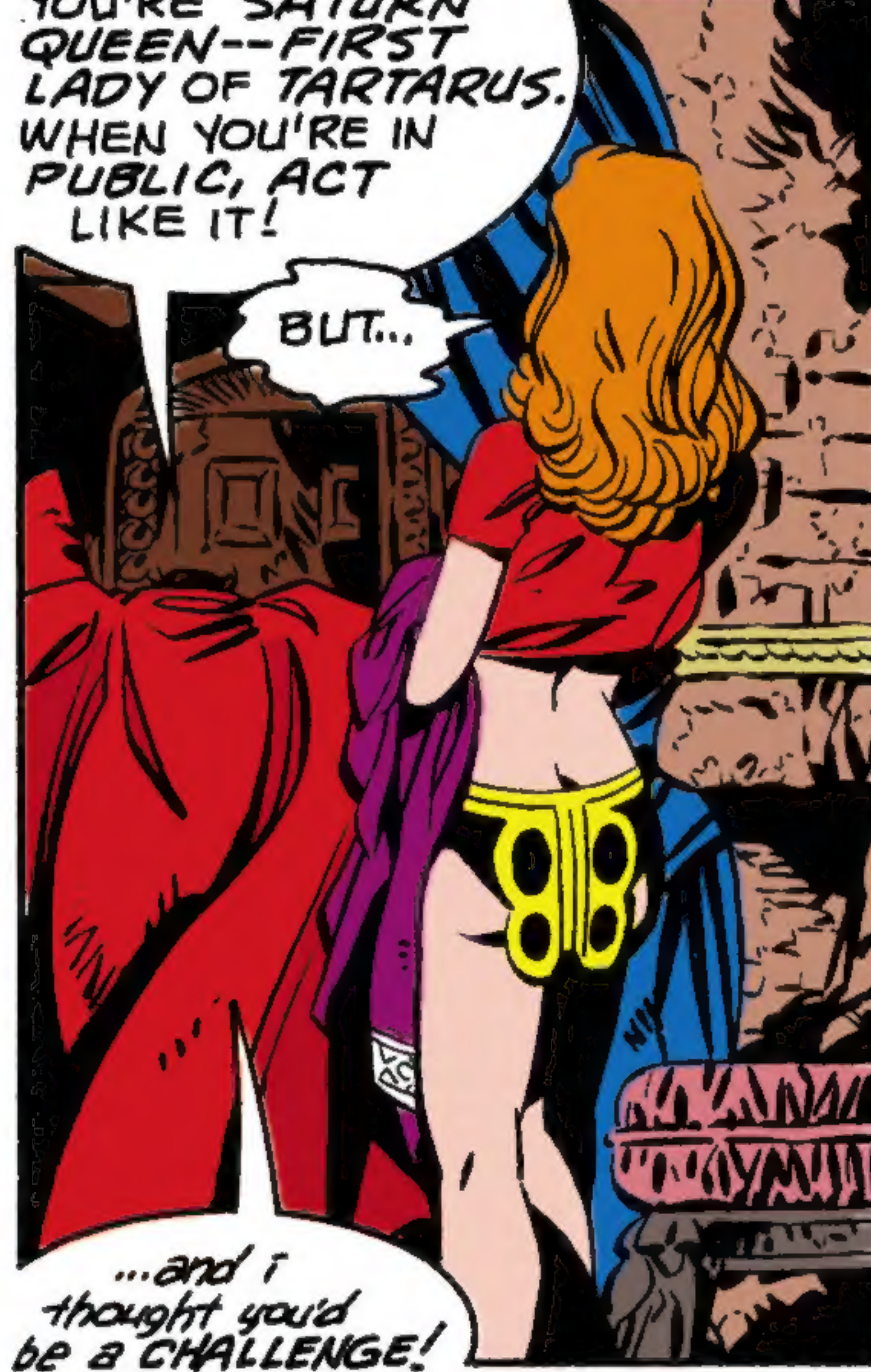


GOOD LORD,
EVE, PUT SOME
CLOTHES ON!



I THOUGHT YOU
LIKED ME TO
DRESS LIKE THIS...

YOU'RE SATURN
QUEEN--FIRST
LADY OF TARTARUS.
WHEN YOU'RE IN
PUBLIC, ACT
LIKE IT!



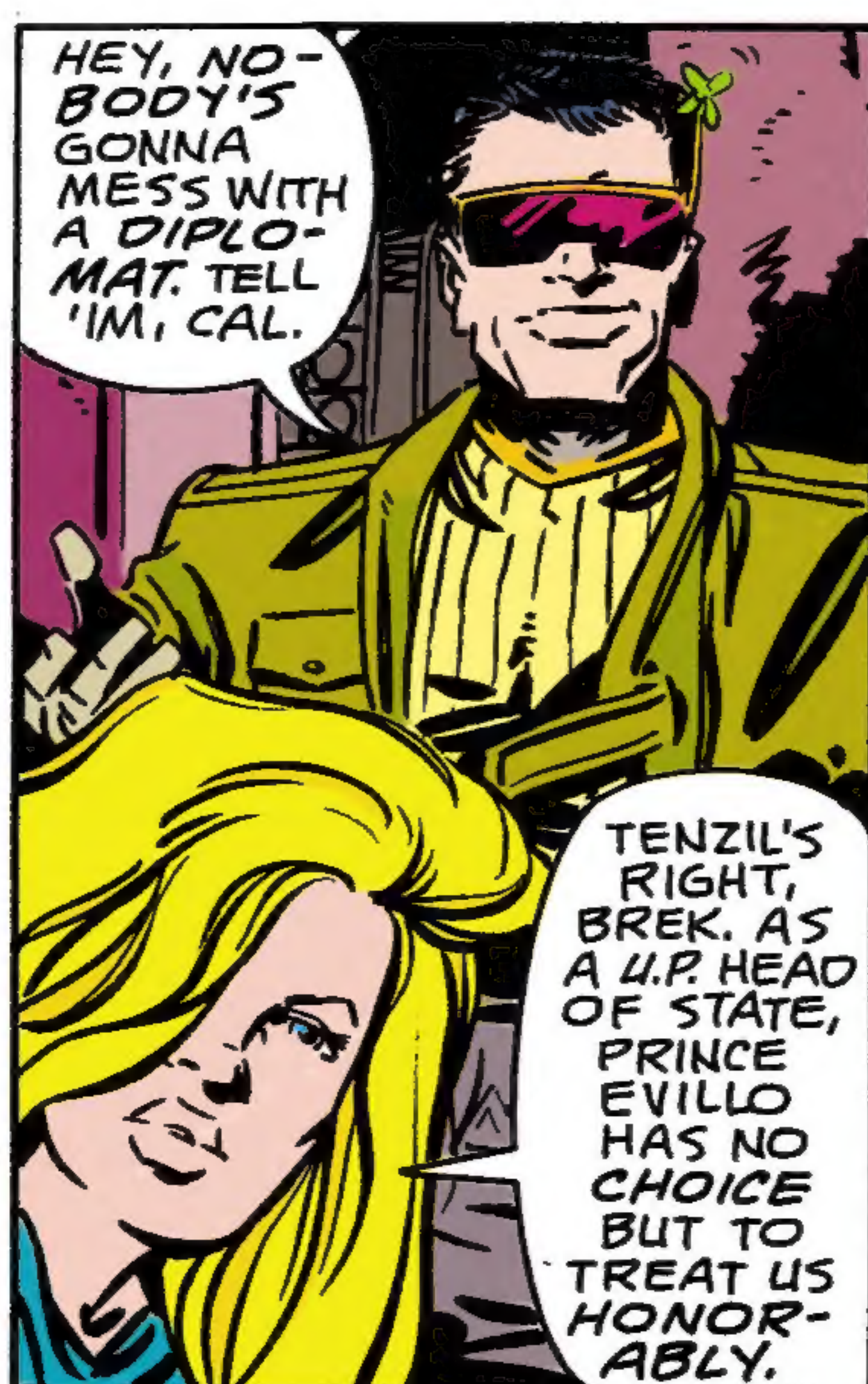
BUT...

...and I
thought you'd
be a CHALLENGE!



ELSEWHERE...
...we didn't lift a finger...
C'MON, BREK, DON'T SWEAT IT. TARTARUS IS NOW A U.P. WORLD. I'M A BIGWIG TO THESE GUYS.

...we just let them HAUL us to this ROCK...



HEY, NO-BODY'S GONNA MESS WITH A DIPLOMAT. TELL 'IM, CAL.

TENZIL'S RIGHT, BREK. AS A U.P. HEAD OF STATE, PRINCE EVILLO HAS NO CHOICE BUT TO TREAT US HONORABLY.



EVILLO? EVILLO?!
AS IN FOUNDER OF THE DEVIL'S DOZEN?!



WELL, ACTUALLY, THE DEVIL'S HALF-DOZEN. HE NEVER DID SCRAPE TOGETHER TWELVE MEMBERS.

THE CLOSEST HE GOT WAS FIVE. SIX, IF YOU COUNT SUGYN TWICE.



BUT YOU KNOW, MAYBE WE'RE GOING ABOUT THIS WRONG. MAYBE EVILLO'S NOT SUCH A BAD GUY, ONCE YOU GET PAST THE NAME AND THE FUNNY HAIRCUT.



OH, SURE.

OKAY, SO THE GUY GROWS HORNS OUT OF HIS HEAD WHEN HE GETS ANGRY...

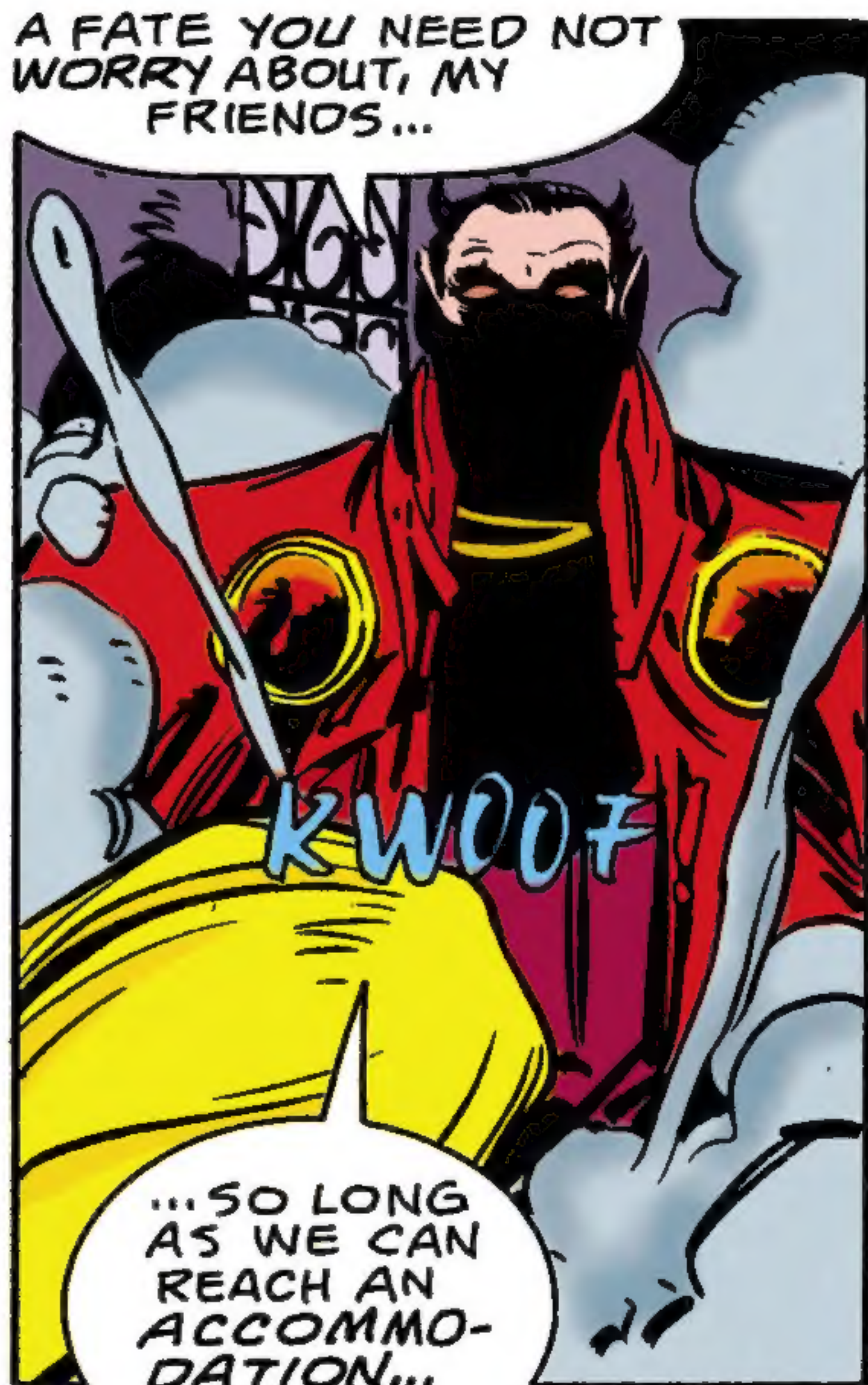


BUT AT LEAST HE DOESN'T KEEP HIS FEELINGS BOTTLED UP LIKE SO MANY PEOPLE THESE DAYS.



YEAH, AND IF WE DON'T WATCH OUR STEP, EVILLO'S HORNS COULD ELIMINATE US PERMANENTLY!

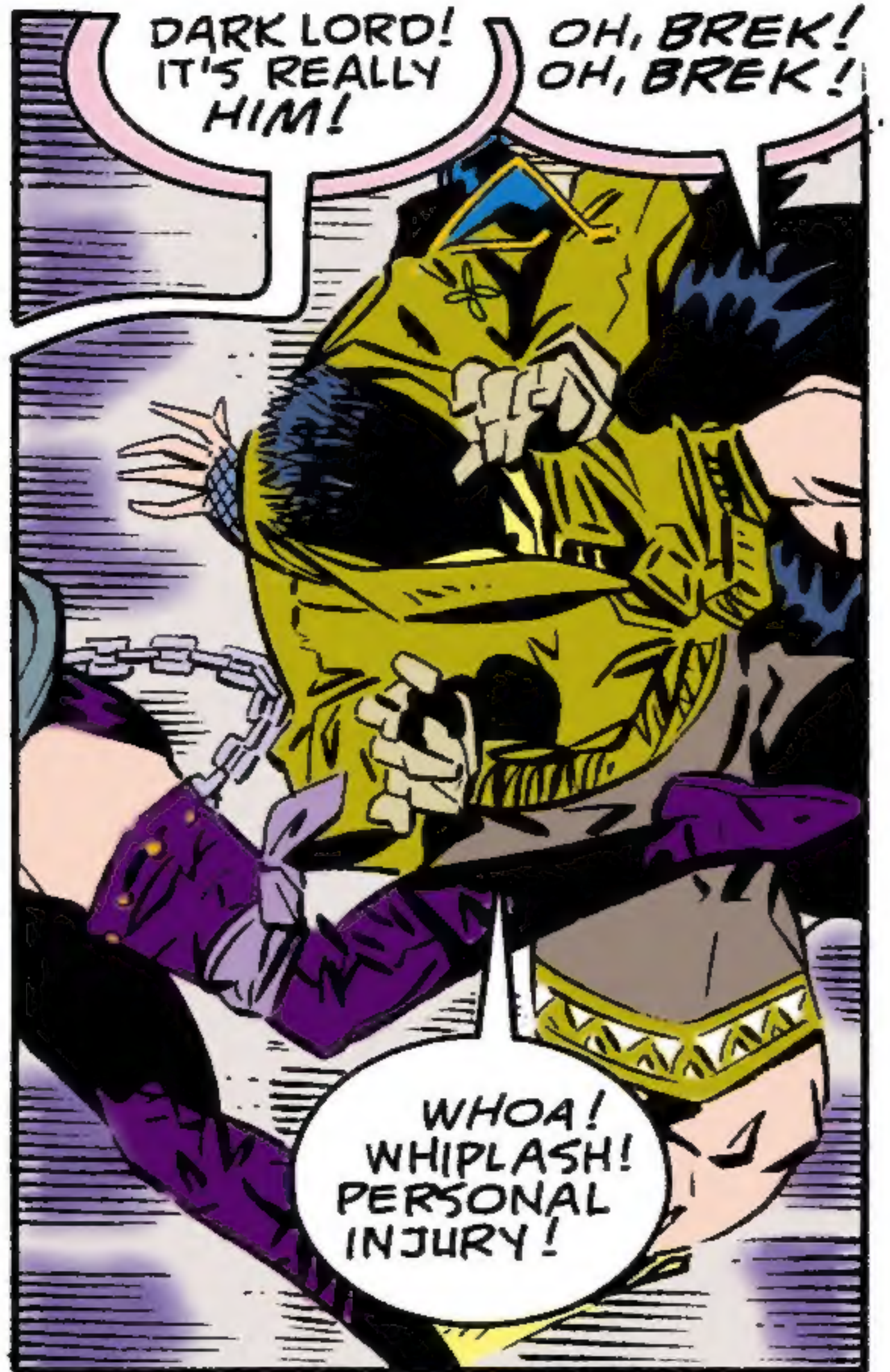
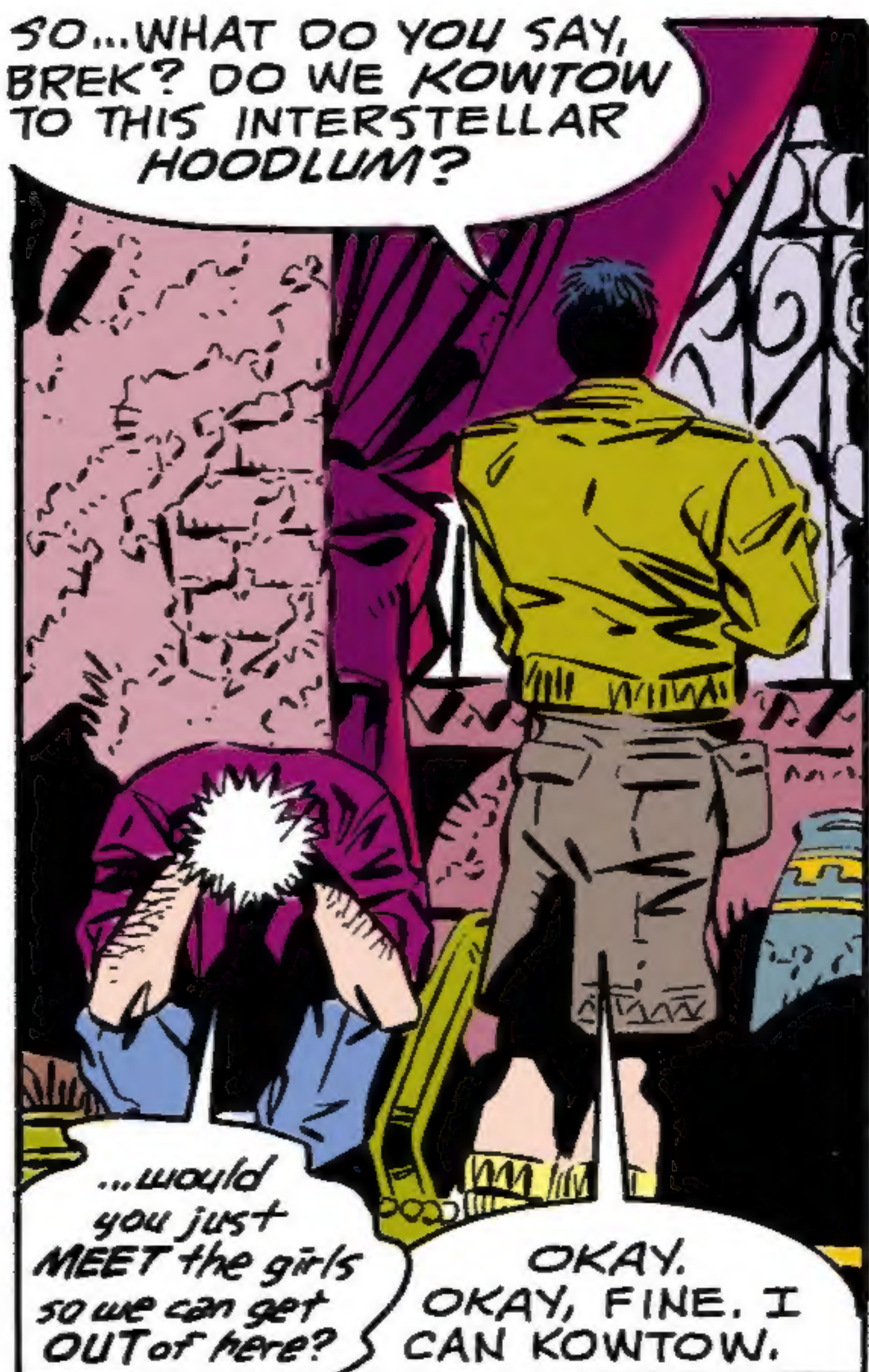
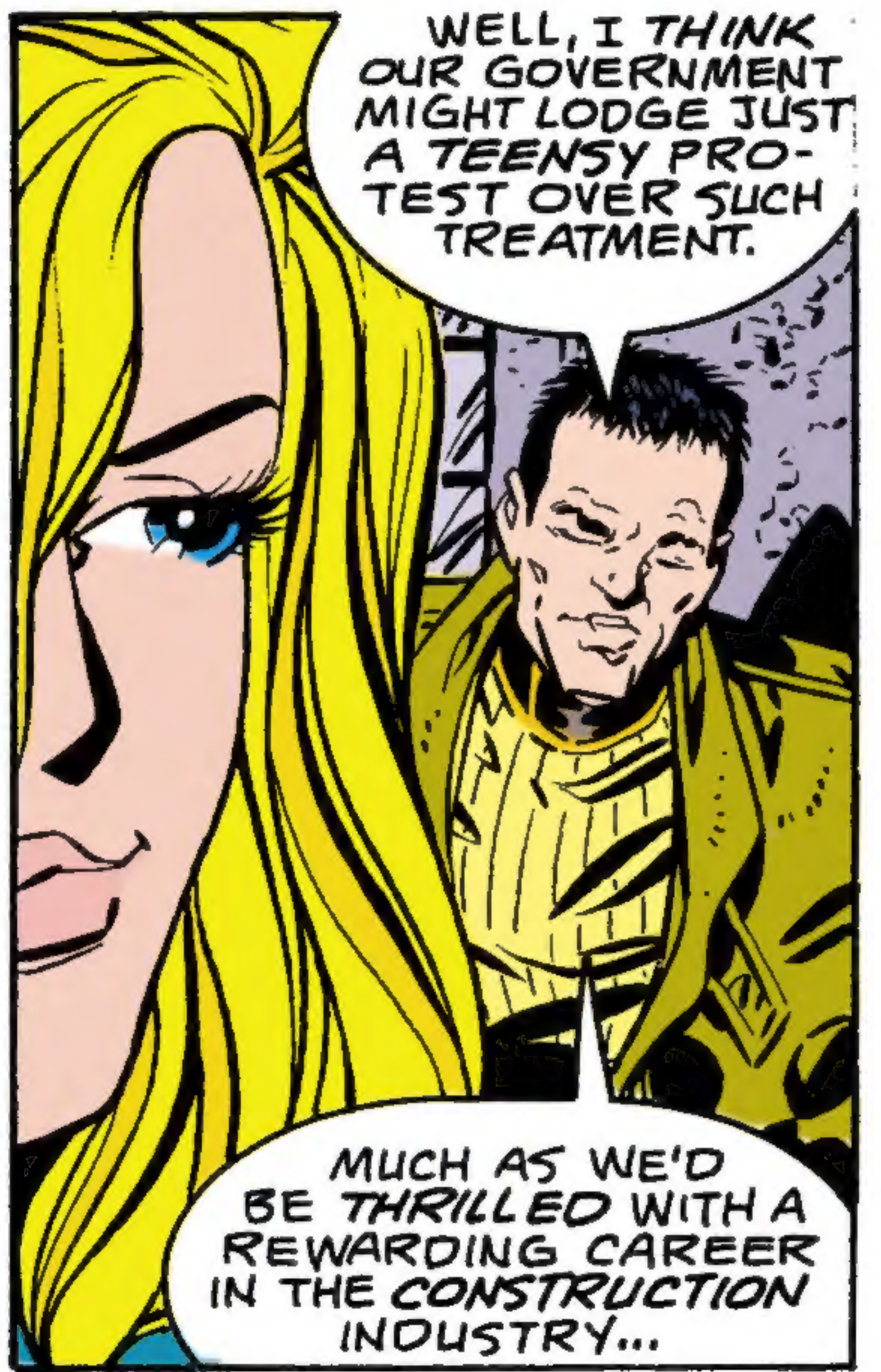
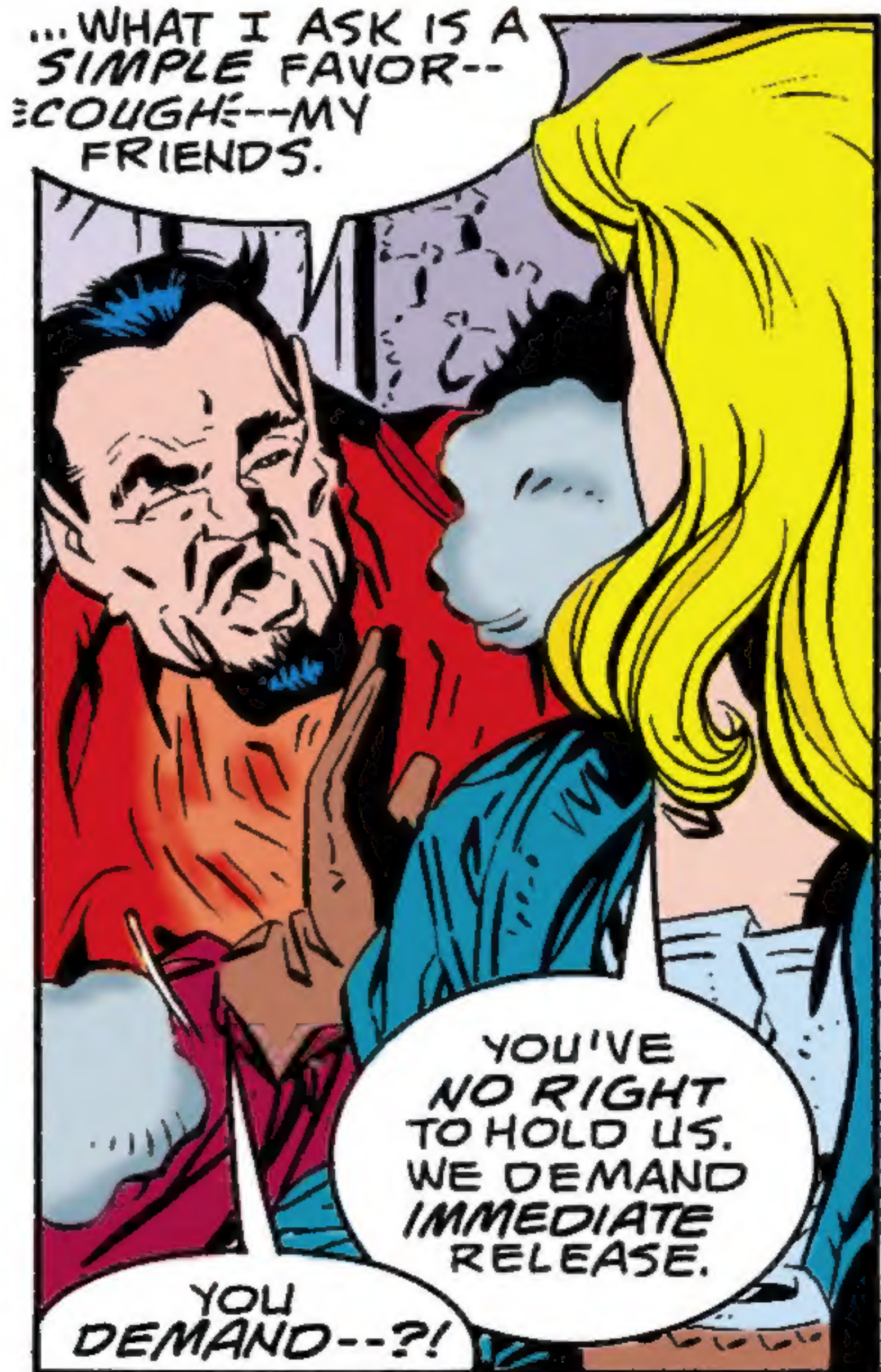
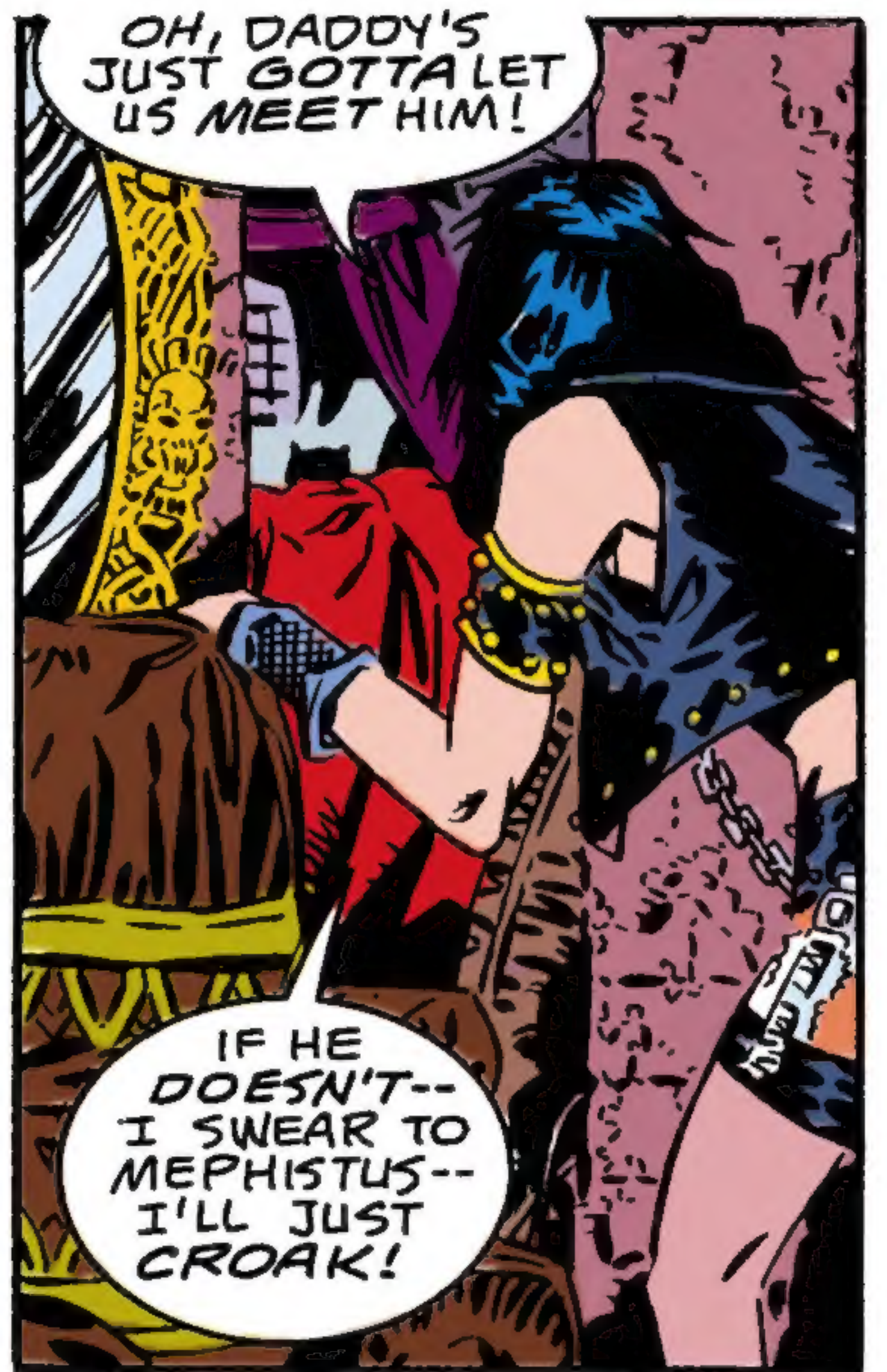
LIKE SUGYN, WHO'S NEVER BEEN HEARD FROM SINCE EVILLO ZAPPED HIM WITH THOSE HORNS!



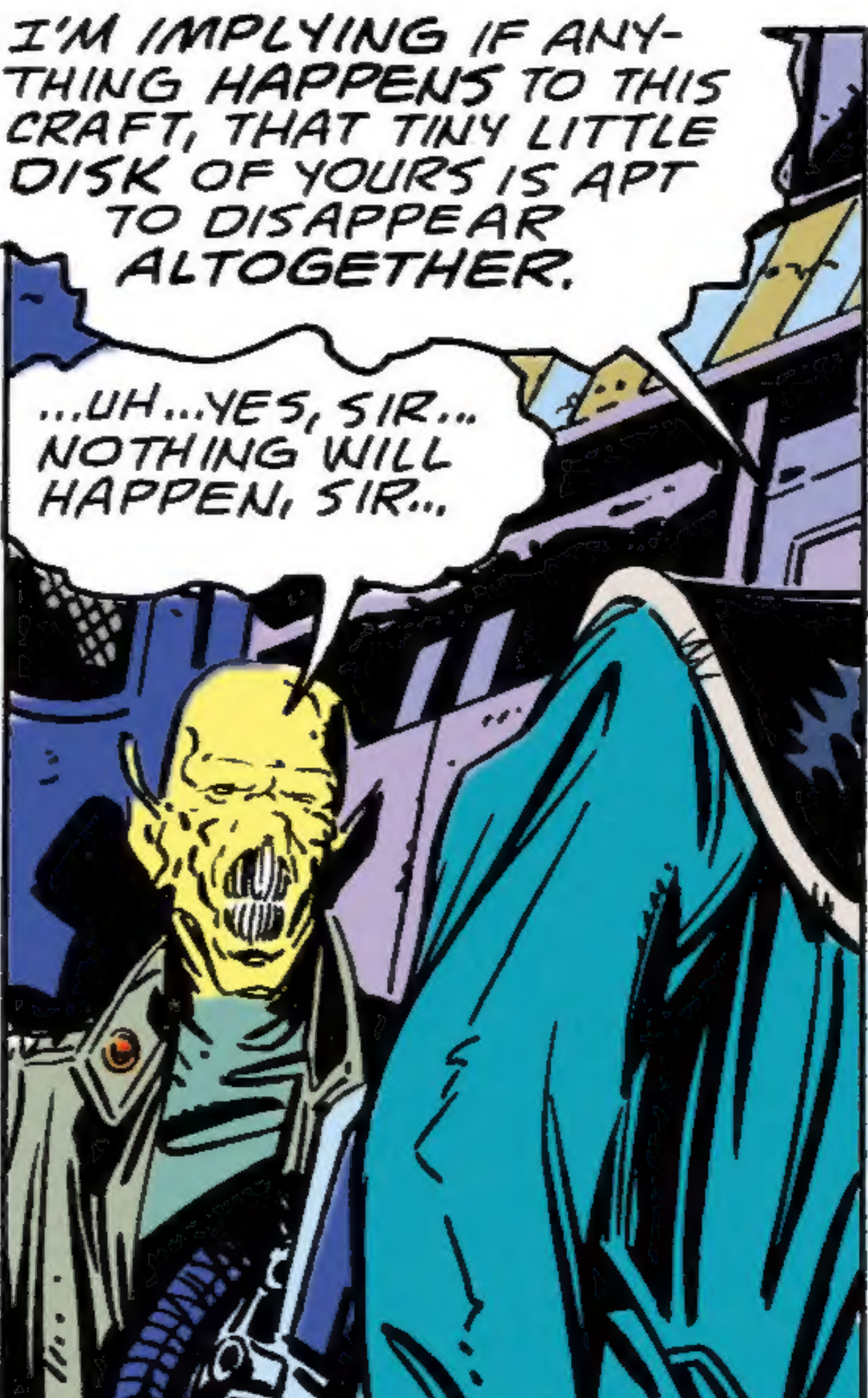
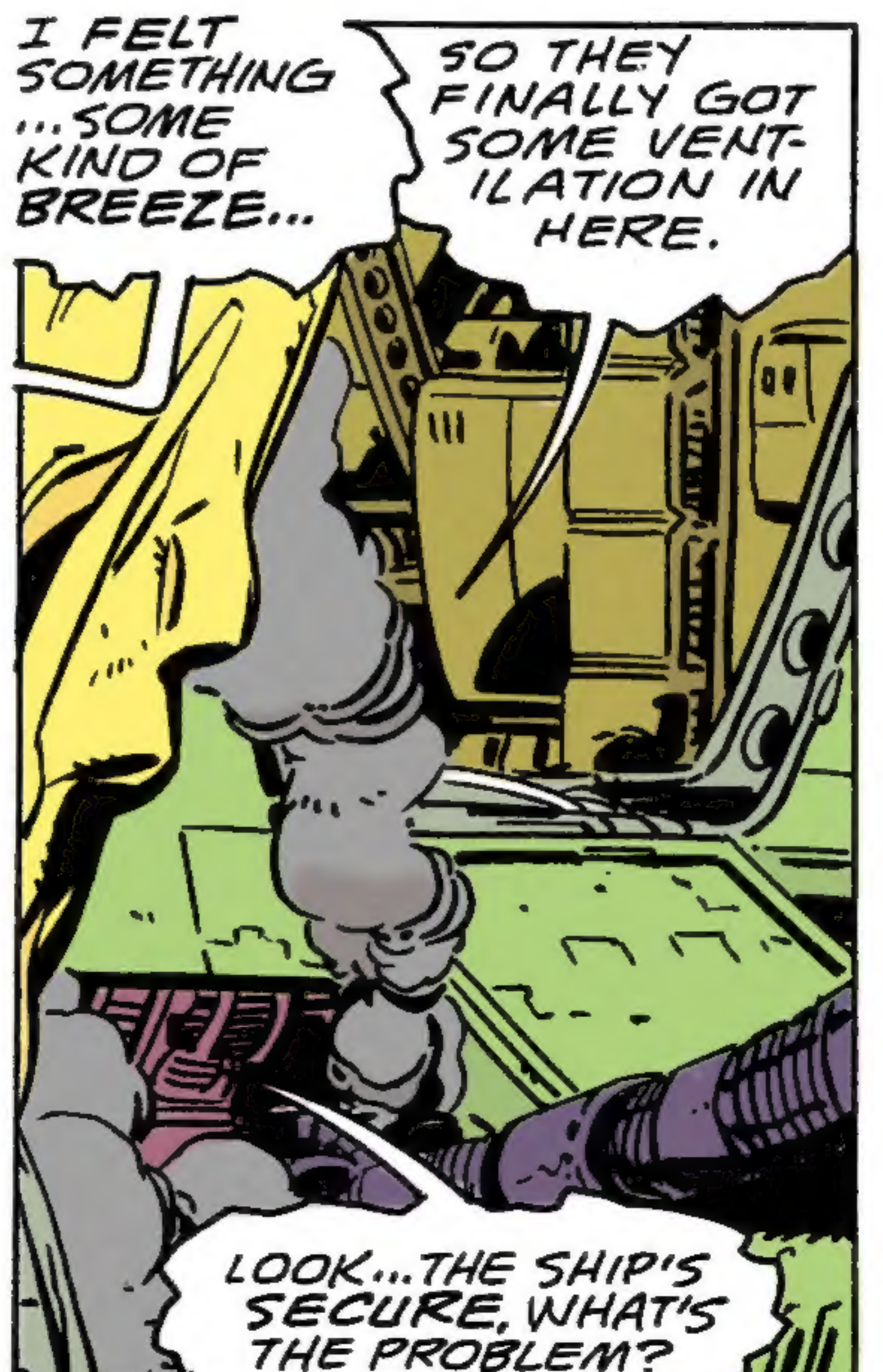
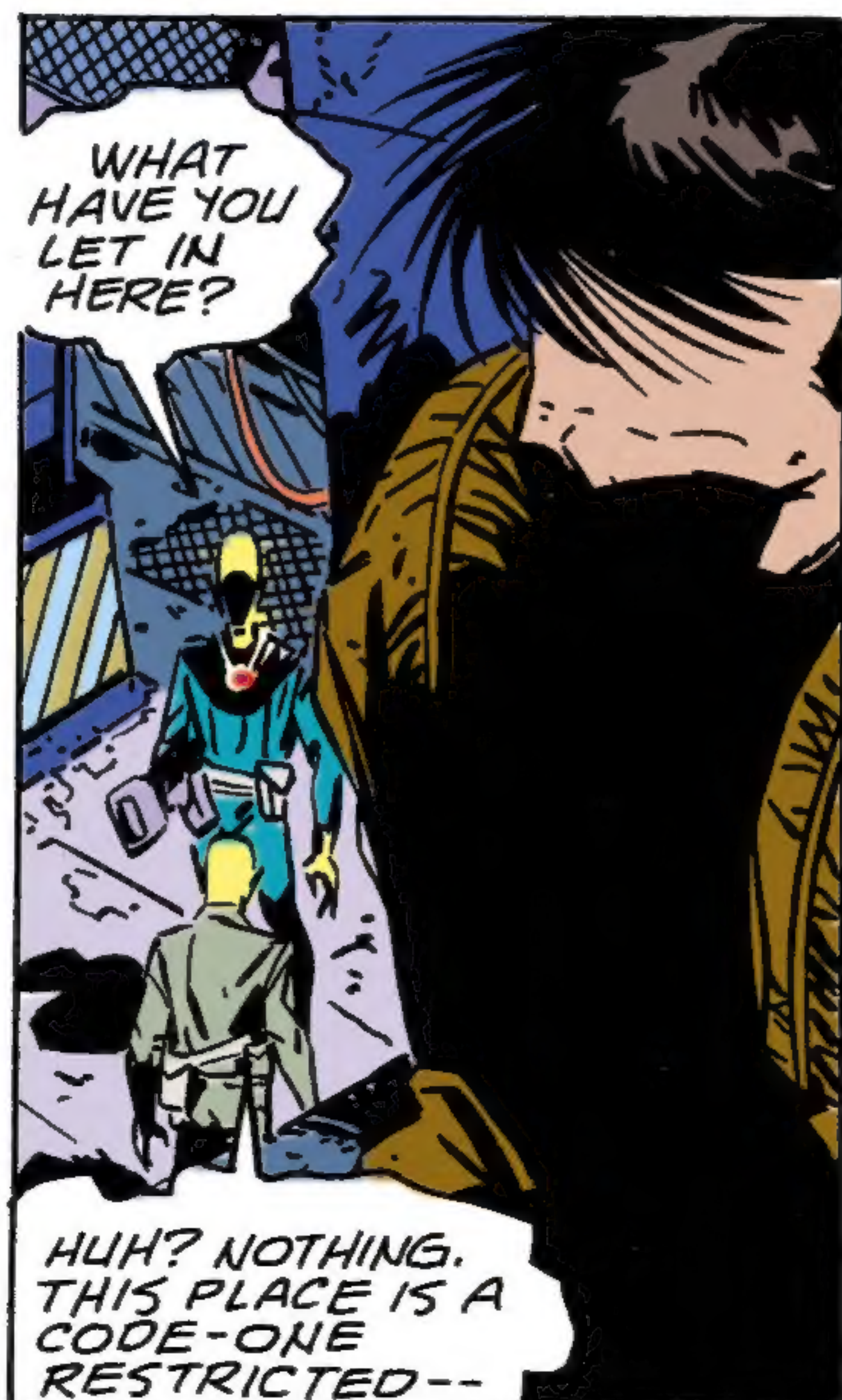
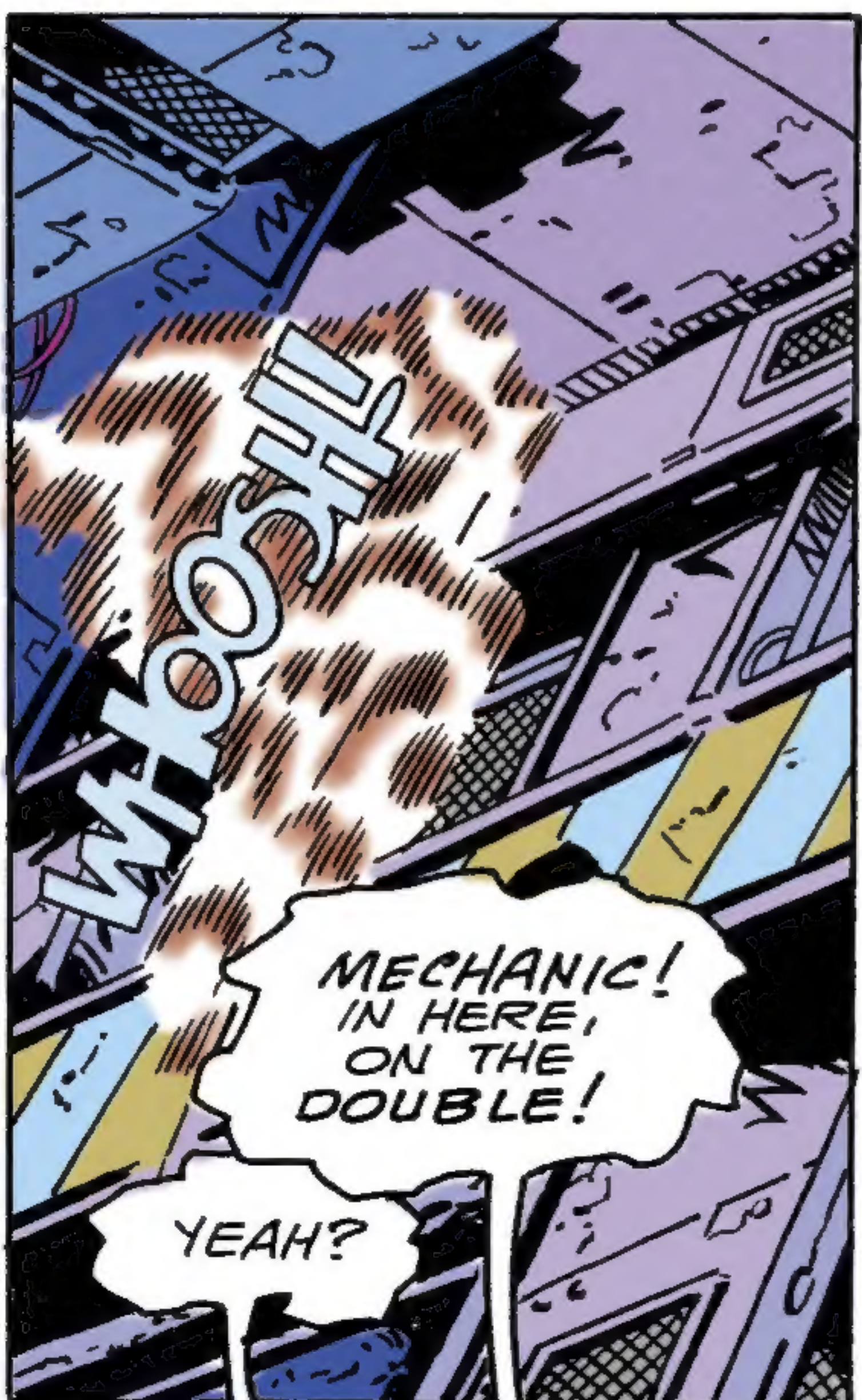
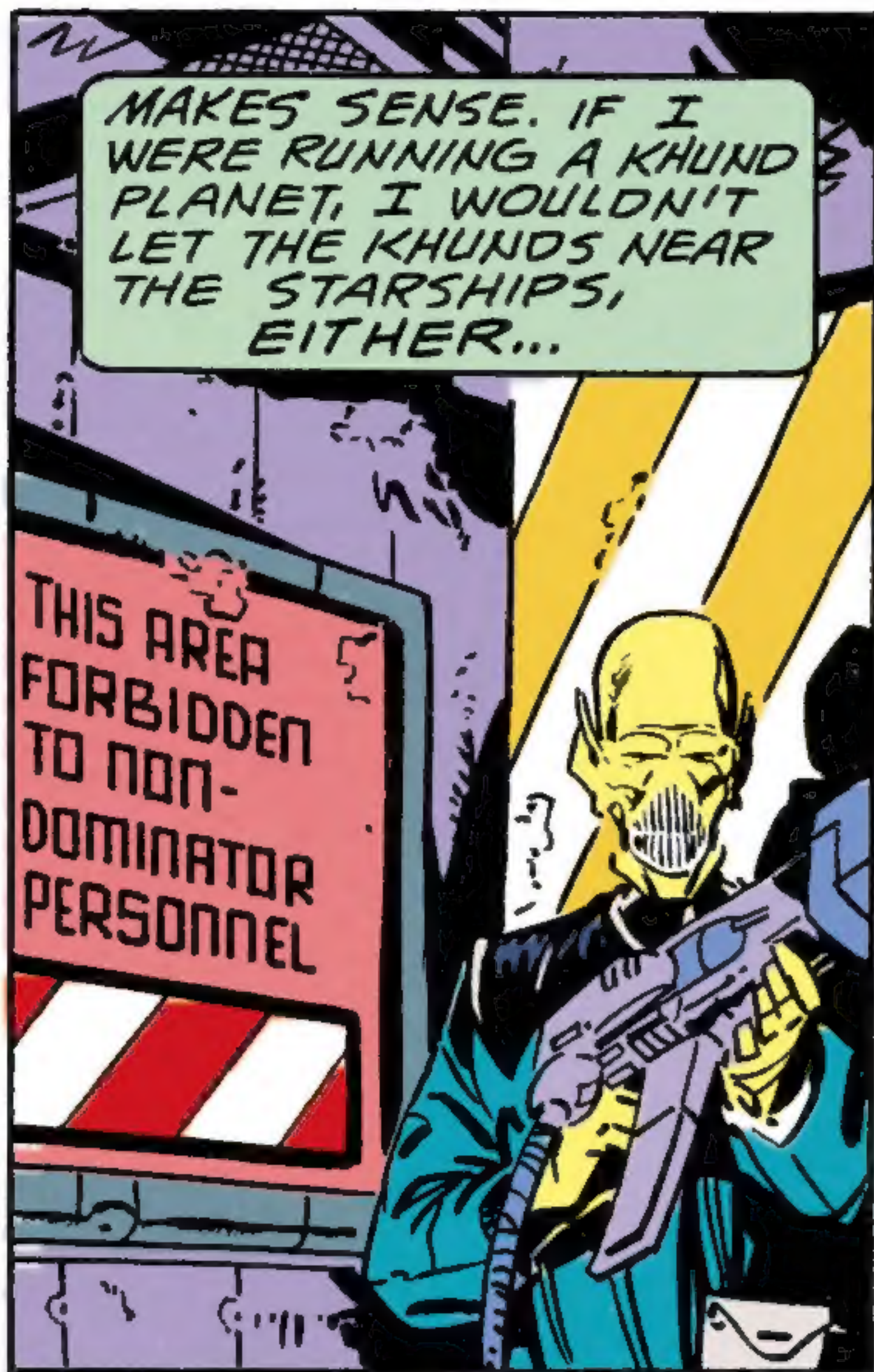
A FATE YOU NEED NOT WORRY ABOUT, MY FRIENDS...

KWOOF!

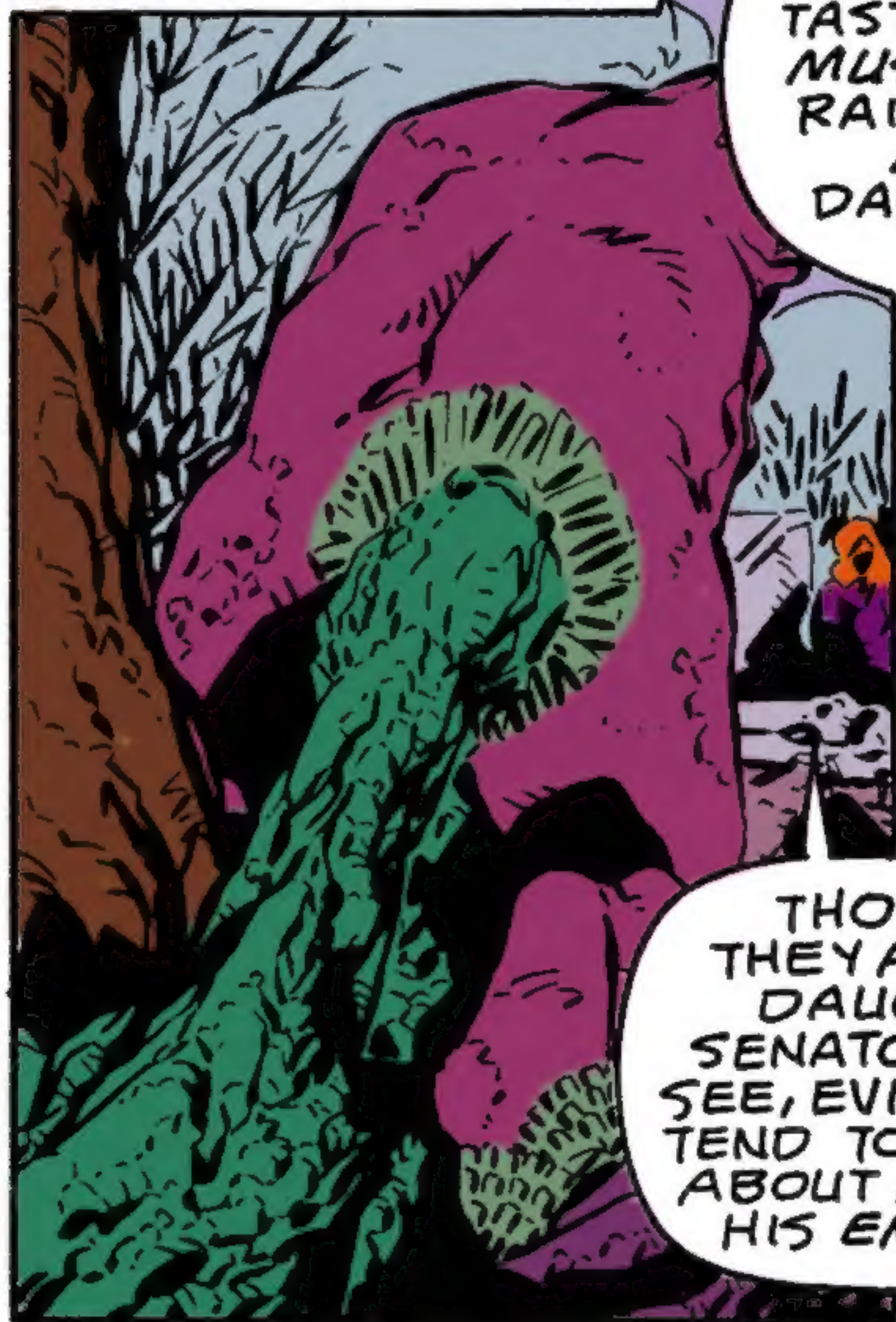
...SO LONG AS WE CAN REACH AN ACCOMMODATION...



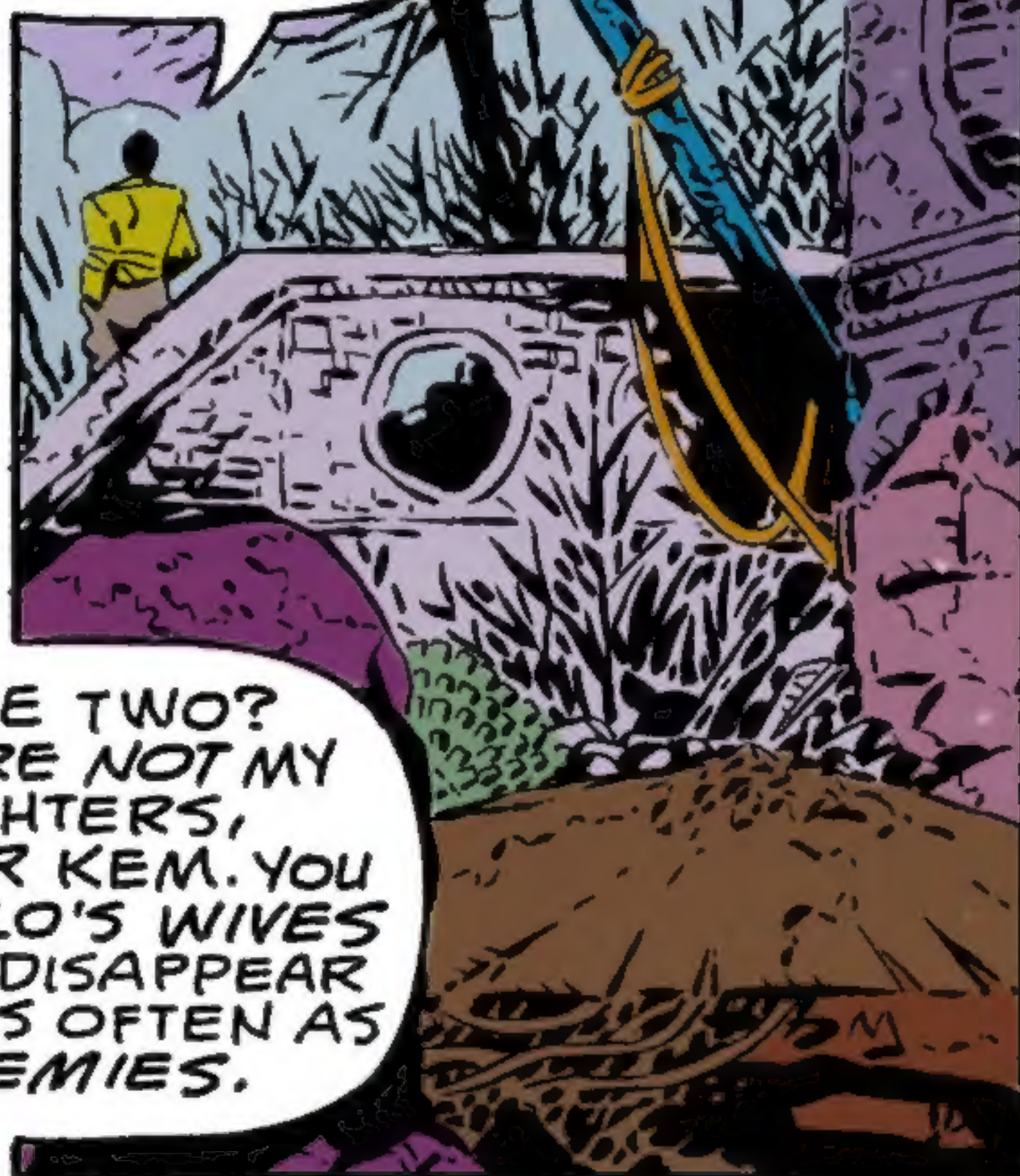




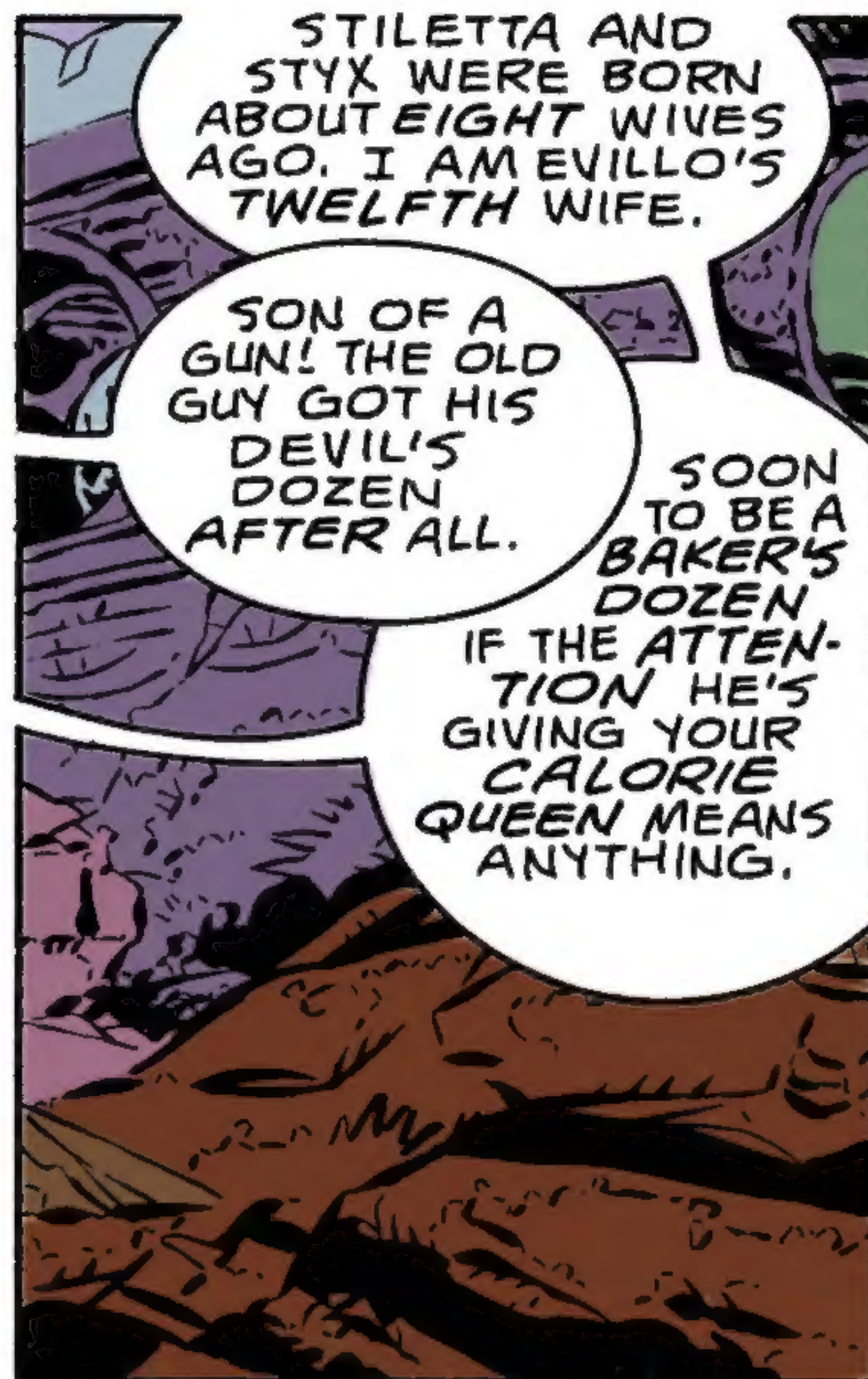
EVILLO'S PALACE,
GARDEN OF STICKS...



...AND ASIDE FROM
THEIR QUESTIONABLE
TASTE IN HEROES, I
MUST SAY YOU'VE
RAISED TWO MOST
ATTRACTIVE
DAUGHTERS, SATURN
QUEEN...



THOSE TWO?
THEY ARE NOT MY
DAUGHTERS,
SENATOR KEM. YOU
SEE, EVILLO'S WIVES
TEND TO DISAPPEAR
ABOUT AS OFTEN AS
HIS ENEMIES.



STILETTA AND
STYX WERE BORN
ABOUT EIGHT WIVES
AGO. I AM EVILLO'S
TWELFTH WIFE.

SON OF A
GUN! THE OLD
GUY GOT HIS
DEVIL'S
DOZEN
AFTER ALL.

SOON
TO BE A
BAKER'S
DOZEN
IF THE ATTEN-
TION HE'S
GIVING YOUR
CALORIE
QUEEN MEANS
ANYTHING.

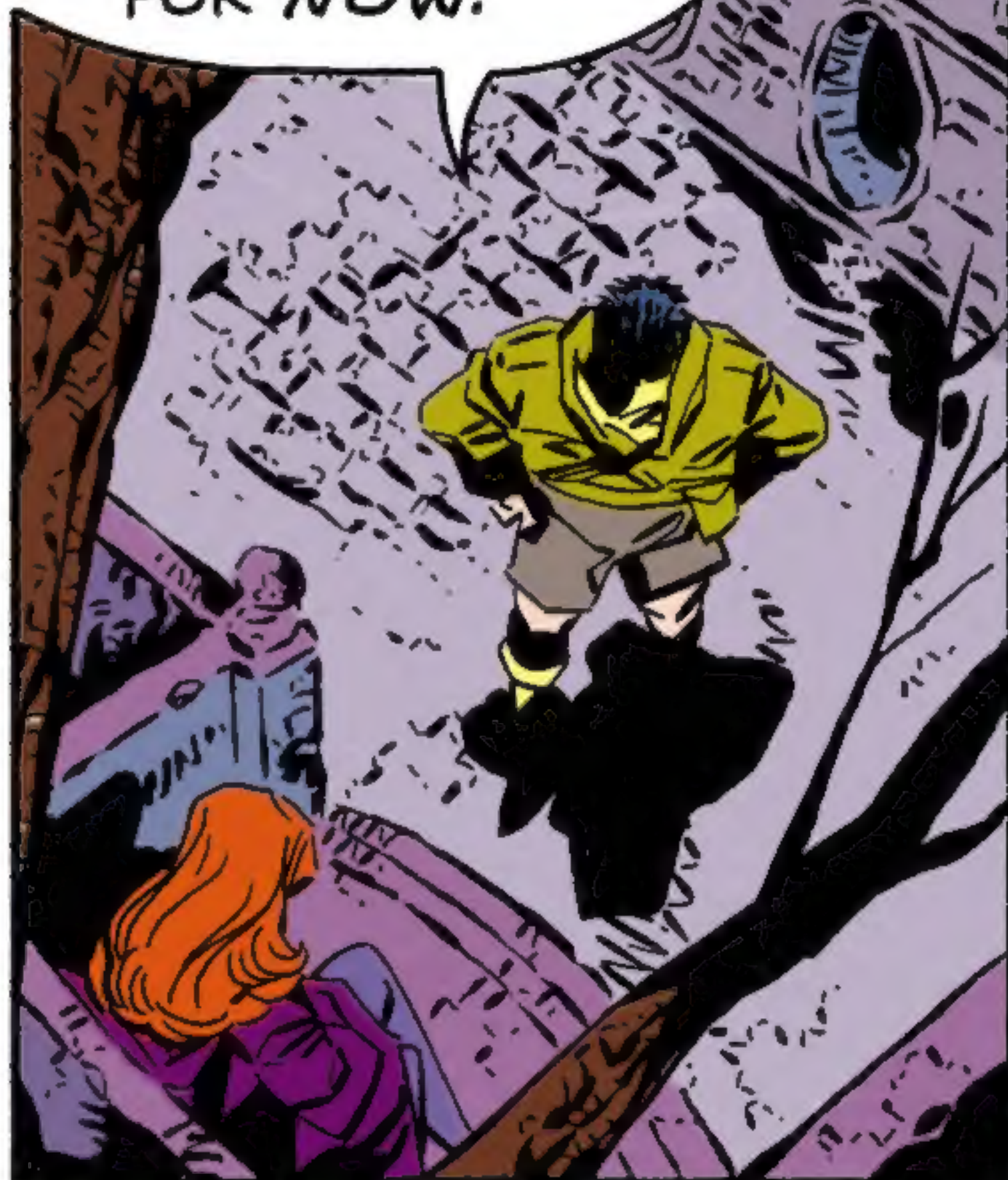
LISTEN, CAL
WON'T TAKE
ANY SPET
FROM HIM.



RIGHT
NOW, IT'S
YOU I'M
WORRIED
ABOUT.

ME?

SEE, I FIGURE YOU'RE
NOT HERE OF YOUR
OWN FREE WILL. YEAH,
YOU'VE GOT MENTAL
POWERS... MAYBE
YOU'VE TRICKED
EVILLO, RESISTED HIS
TOTAL CONTROL
FOR NOW.



BUT JUST MAYBE
HE'S STARTING TO
WEAR YOU DOWN.



MAYBE FATE
BROUGHT ME
HERE BE-
CAUSE YOU
NEED TO BE
RESCUED
BY A
HANDSOME
PRINCE.

OH, YOU ARE SUCH
A FUNNY MAN.

UH, OKAY,
IT WAS
ONLY A
THEORY.

I'M THE LAST
PERSON ON THIS
WORLD WHO NEEDS
RESCUING.



FINE.
I'LL JUST
SLINK
AWAY
NOW.

...BUT IF I EVER
NEEDED A HAND-
SOME PRINCE...



YOU'D BE AMONG
THE FIRST TO KNOW.

Huh?
REALLY?



GREAT
GALAXIES! THAT'S
CALORIE QUEEN!



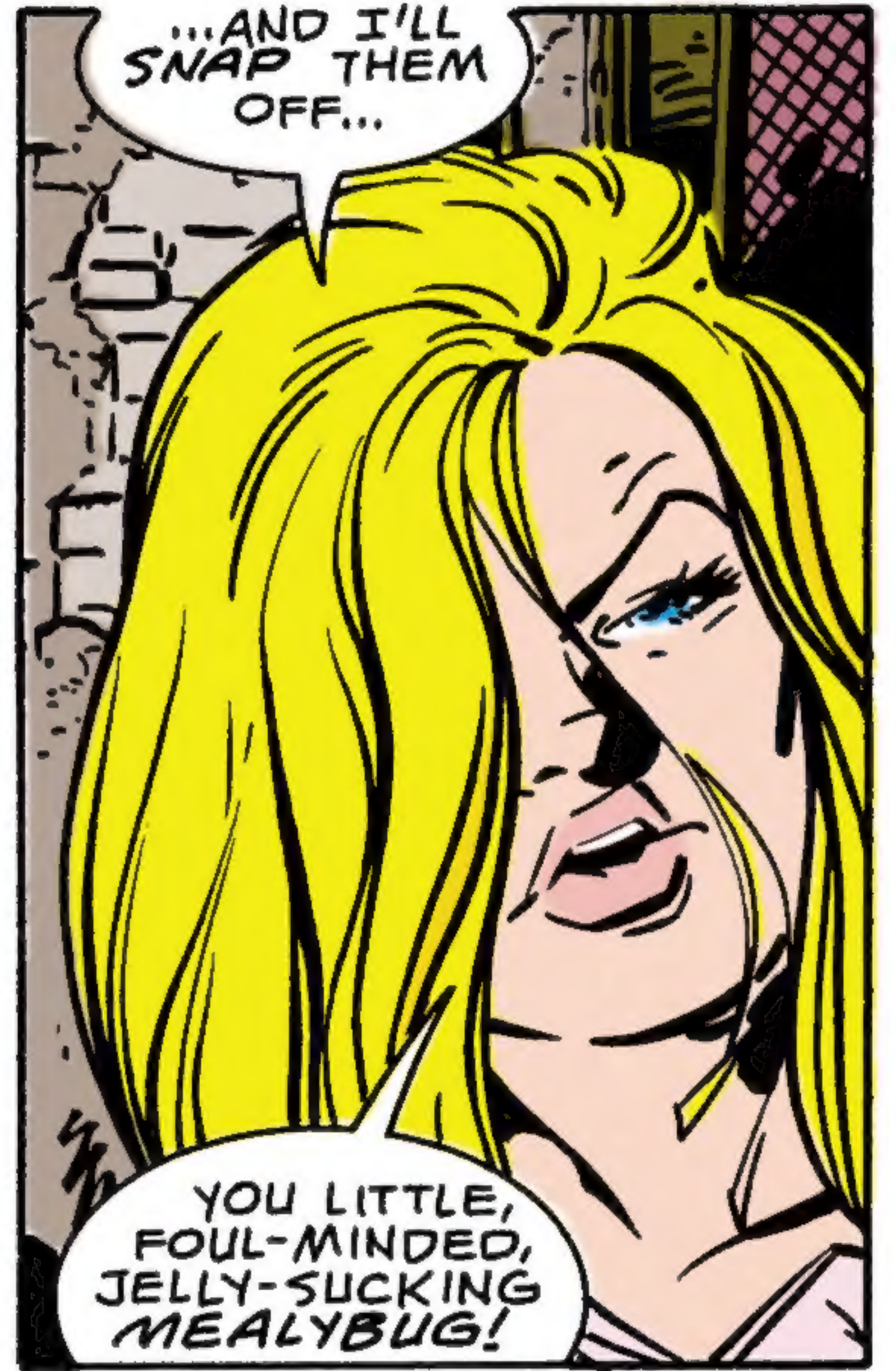
WHOA!

YOU FILTHY
LITTLE TWO-TIMING,
WORM-EATING,
BABOOTH-FACED
SNAKE!



S-SUPER
STRENGTH.
YOU'VE GOT
SUPER-
STRENGTH.

THAT'S RIGHT,
MISTER! TOUCH ME
AGAIN WITH THOSE
DISGUSTING LITTLE
MAGGOT-INFESTED
PAWS OF YOURS...



...AND I'LL
SNAP THEM
OFF...

YOU LITTLE,
FOUL-MINDED,
JELLY-SUCKING
MEALYBUG!



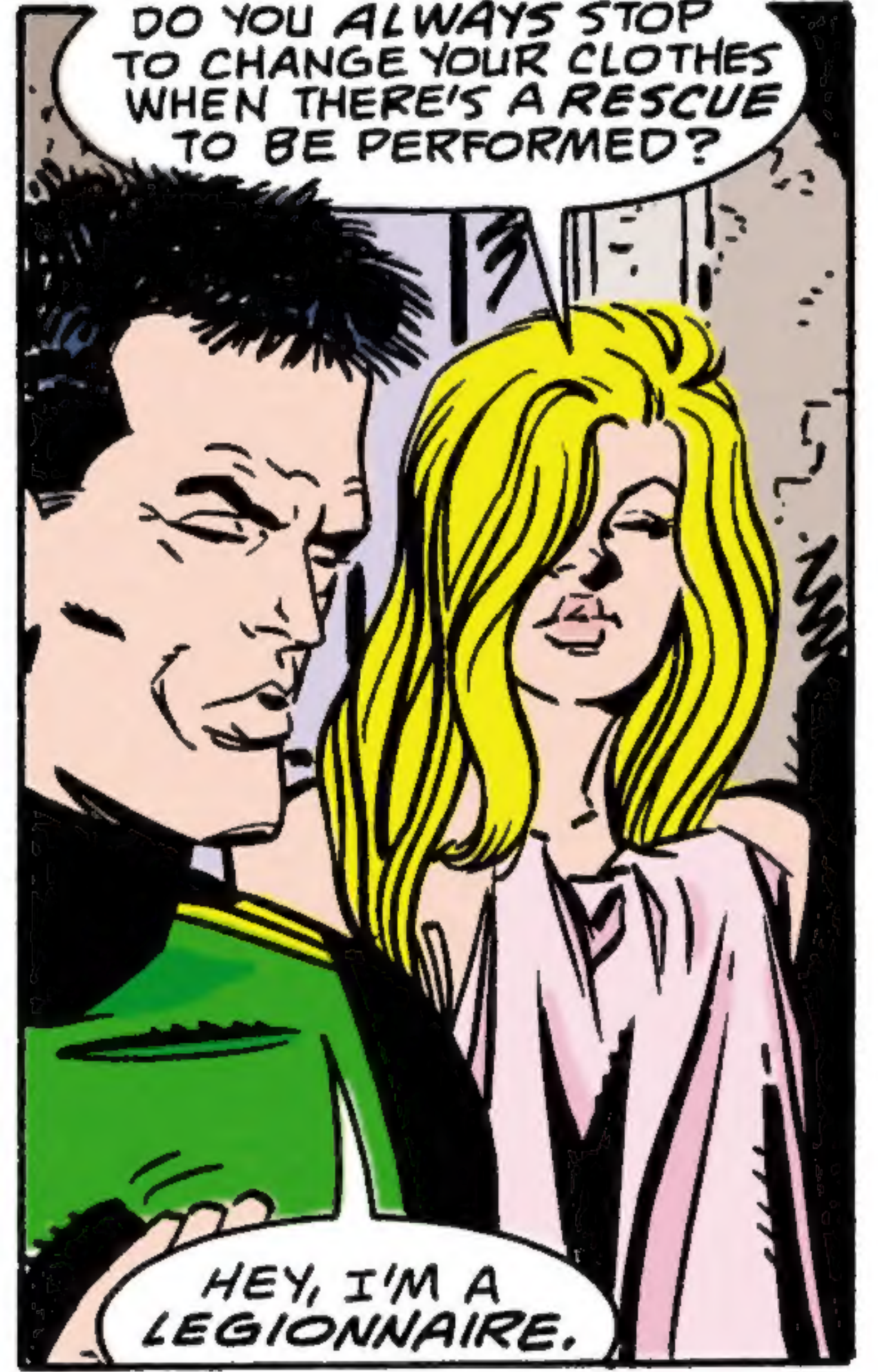
DAMN. I
LOVE A
WOMAN
WITH
SPIRIT.

THIS IS
GOING TO BE
A NIGHT TO
REMEM-
BER!



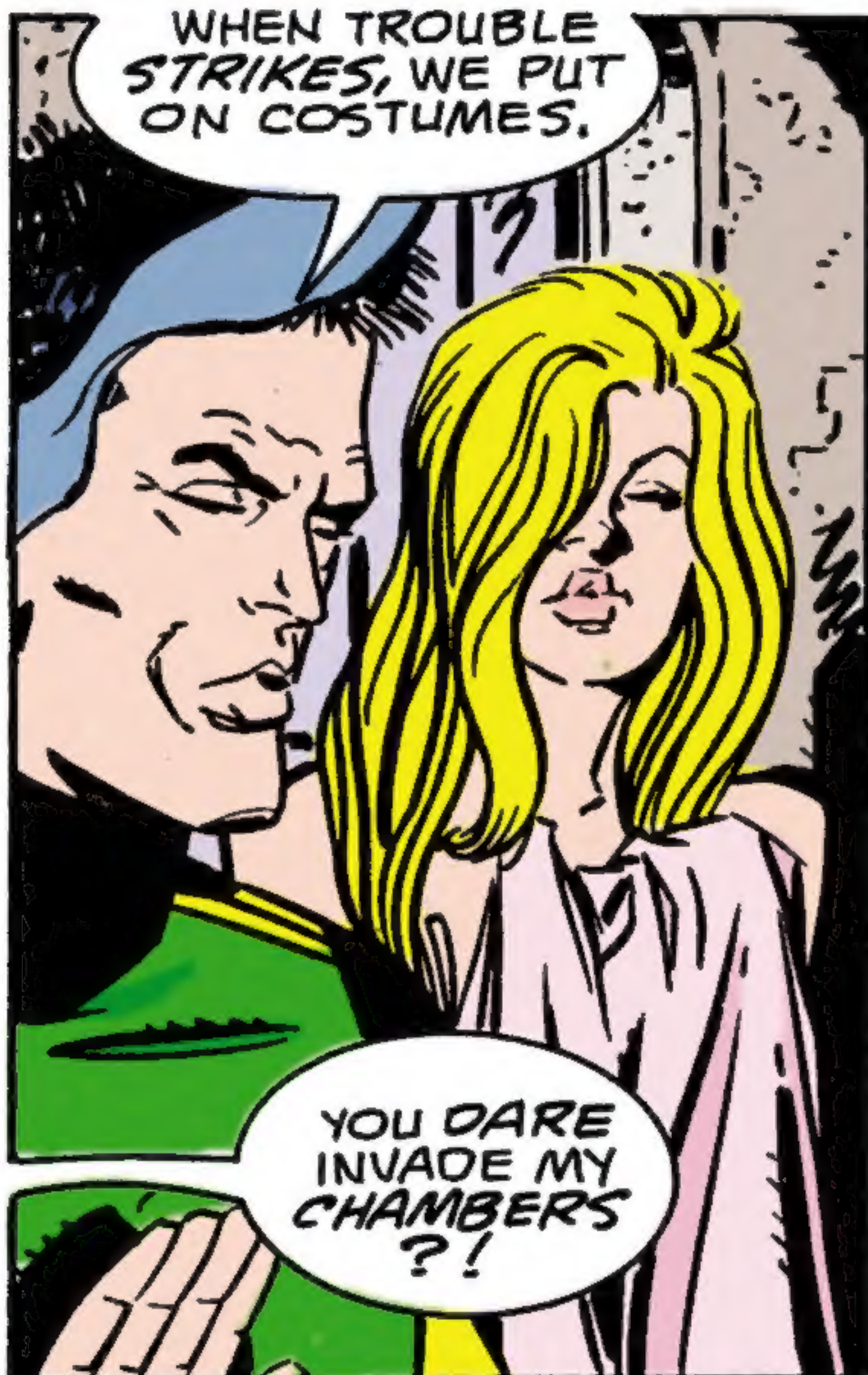
NOW, DIDN'T I HEAR
THE LADY ASK YOU
VERY POLITELY
TO LEAVE HER
ALONE?

WHA...
YOU
DARE...



DO YOU ALWAYS STOP
TO CHANGE YOUR CLOTHES
WHEN THERE'S A RESCUE
TO BE PERFORMED?

HEY, I'M A
LEGIONNAIRE.



WHEN TROUBLE
STRIKES, WE PUT
ON COSTUMES.

YOU DARE
INVADE MY
CHAMBERS
?!



YOU
DARE
?!!

HEY, NO,
C'MON!
YOU'RE GETTING
BLOOD ALL
OVER THE
CARPET!



AW,
GEEZ.

AW,
C'MON!

YEEZE... NOW
WHAT? WHERE'S
HE SENT ME?

I'M NOT EVEN GOING
TO LOOK. THE HORNS
WERE BAD ENOUGH.
I DON'T WANT TO
KNOW WHAT'S NEXT.

WHEREVER HE'S SENT
ME... IF IT LOOKS
HALF AS BAD AS IT
SMELLS...

...LIKE BRIMSTONE...
DECAYING FLESH...
AND THE HEAT... IT'S
INCREDIBLE...

RIGHT. THAT'S IT.
I'M JUST JUMPING
TO CONCLUSIONS!
HE WOULDN'T DO
ANYTHING RASH
TO ME. HE'S A
REASONABLE
GUY!

WAIT A MINUTE... HEAT,
BRIMSTONE... AW NO,
NO, IT CAN'T BE,
EVILLO WOULDN'T DO
THIS TO ME! I'M A
SENATOR!

...AT LEAST HE WAS
BEFORE HE GREW THE
HORNS OUT OF HIS
HEAD.

A LITTLE BRIMSTONE,
SOME ROTTING FLESH,
A LITTLE INSUFFER-
ABLE HEAT... THERE'S
ANY NUMBER OF
EXPLANATIONS...

IN FACT, THIS IS JUST
THE SORT OF AMBIENCE
MANY RIMBORIAN
NIGHTCLUBS CAPTURE
PERFECTLY...

YEAH, THAT'S IT. I'LL
OPEN MY EYES AND
THERE'LL BE SOME
LOVELY, EXOTIC RIM-
BORIAN DANCER.

I'LL OPEN MY EYES
AND SHE'LL BE JUST
STARING LOVINGLY
AT ME!

HELLO, TENZIL KEM,
AND WELCOME TO
THE REALM OF
DARKNESS!



WRONG AGAIN.

PLEASE,
PLEASE! OPEN
THOSE EYES
AGAIN AND DRINK
IN THE SCENIC
SPLENDOR THAT
IS THE REALM
OF DARK-
NESS!

IF I OPEN
MY EYES AGAIN,
YOU'RE STILL
GOING TO BE
STANDING
THERE,
AREN'T
YOU?

WELL,
YES...

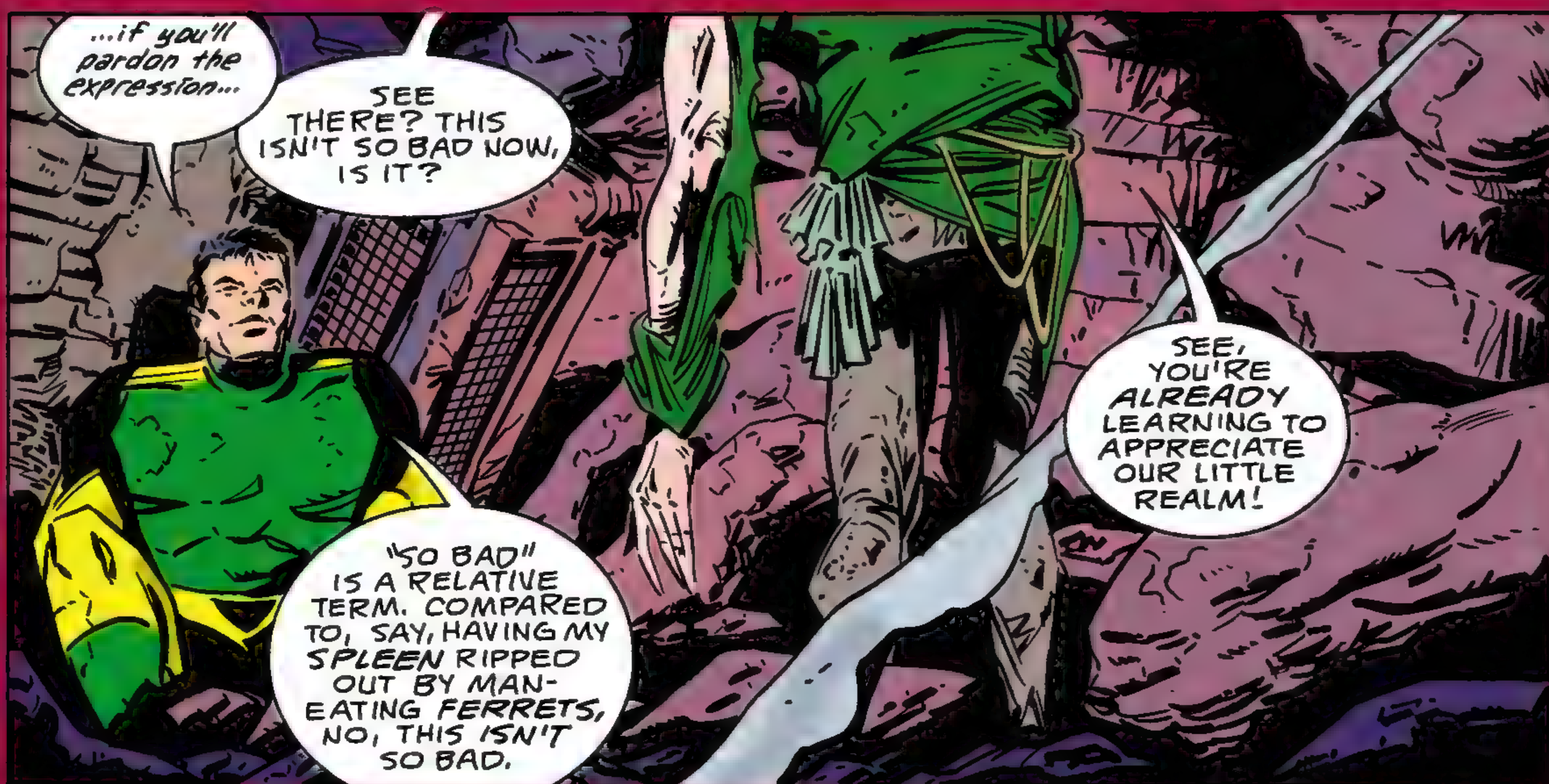
I DON'T
SUPPOSE
THERE'S
ANY WAY
AROUND
THAT?

NO, I
DON'T
THINK
SO.

NO CHANCE
OF SUBSTITUTING
SOMEBODY WHO'S
SAY, MORE...
MORE FAMILIAR
WITH SKIN-CARE
PRODUCTS?

I HAVE BEEN
ASSIGNED TO BE
YOUR GUIDE IN
THIS REALM, AND
WE CAN'T GET
STARTED UNTIL
YOU OPEN YOUR
EYES...

AH, WHAT
THE HELL...



...if you'll
pardon the
expression...

SEE
THERE? THIS
ISN'T SO BAD NOW,
IS IT?

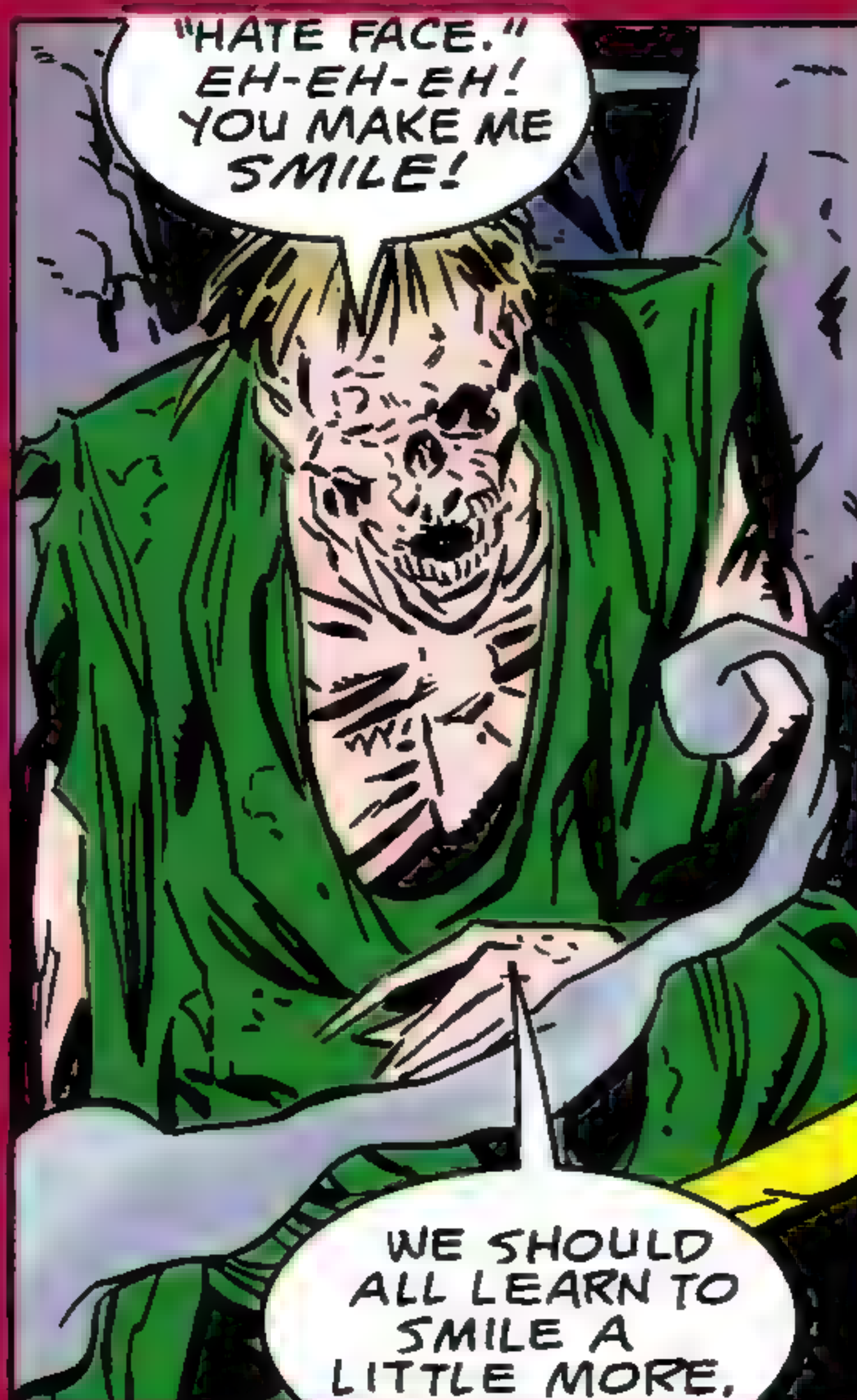
"SO BAD"
IS A RELATIVE
TERM. COMPARED
TO, SAY, HAVING MY
SPLEEN RIPPED
OUT BY MAN-
EATING FERRETS,
NO, THIS ISN'T
SO BAD.

SEE,
YOU'RE
ALREADY
LEARNING TO
APPRECIATE
OUR LITTLE
REALM!



RIGHT,
ABSOLUTELY.

INTERIOR
DECORATION
BY HATE FACE
OF THE PLANET
DRACKSLER.
ALWAYS BEEN
MY FAVORITE.

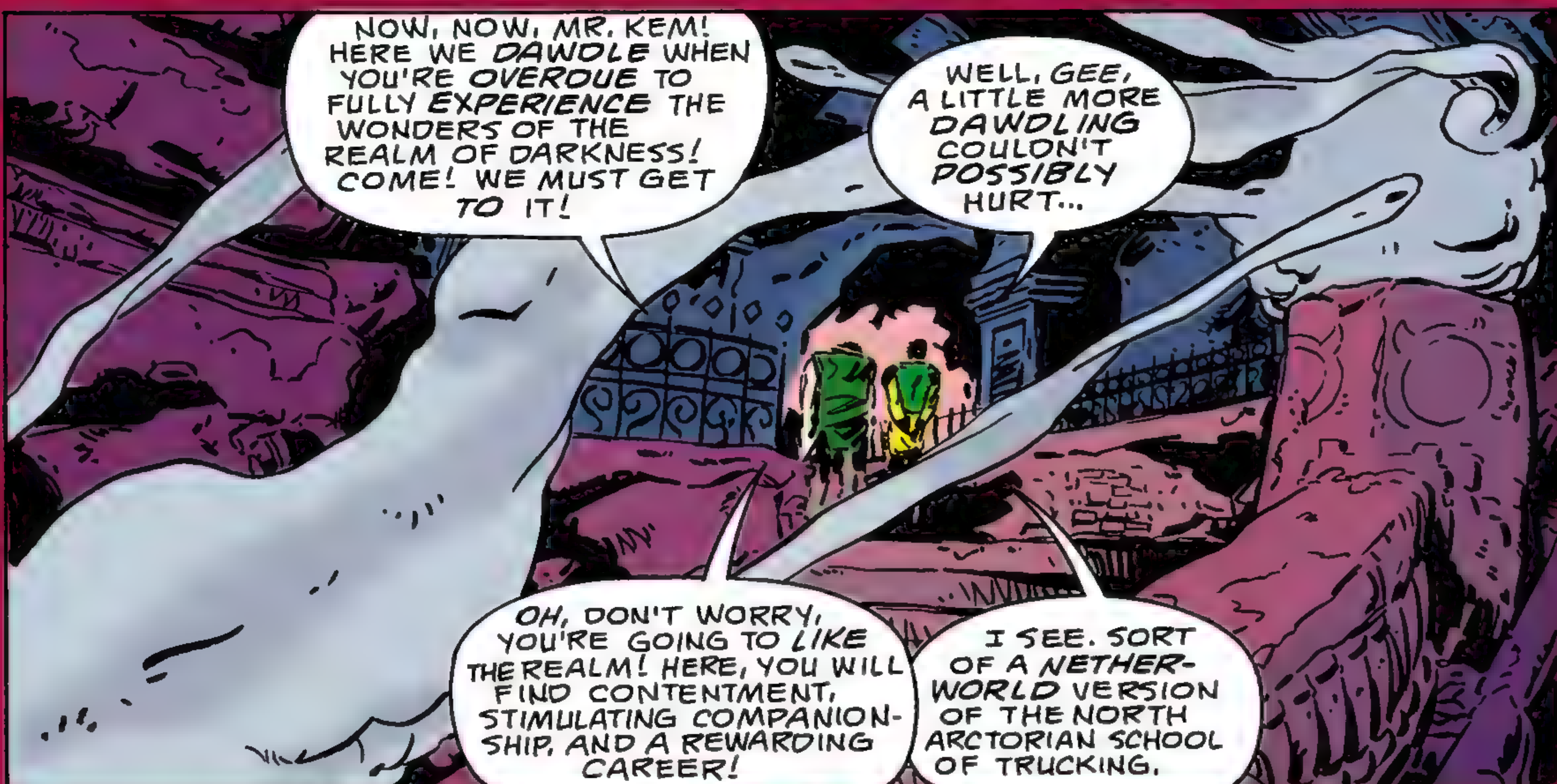


"HATE FACE."
EH-EH-EH!
YOU MAKE ME
SMILE!

WE SHOULD
ALL LEARN TO
SMILE A
LITTLE MORE.



YEAH, EVEN
THOSE OF US
WHO'RE A
LITTLE WEAK
ON THE CON-
CEPT OF DENTAL
HYGIENE.



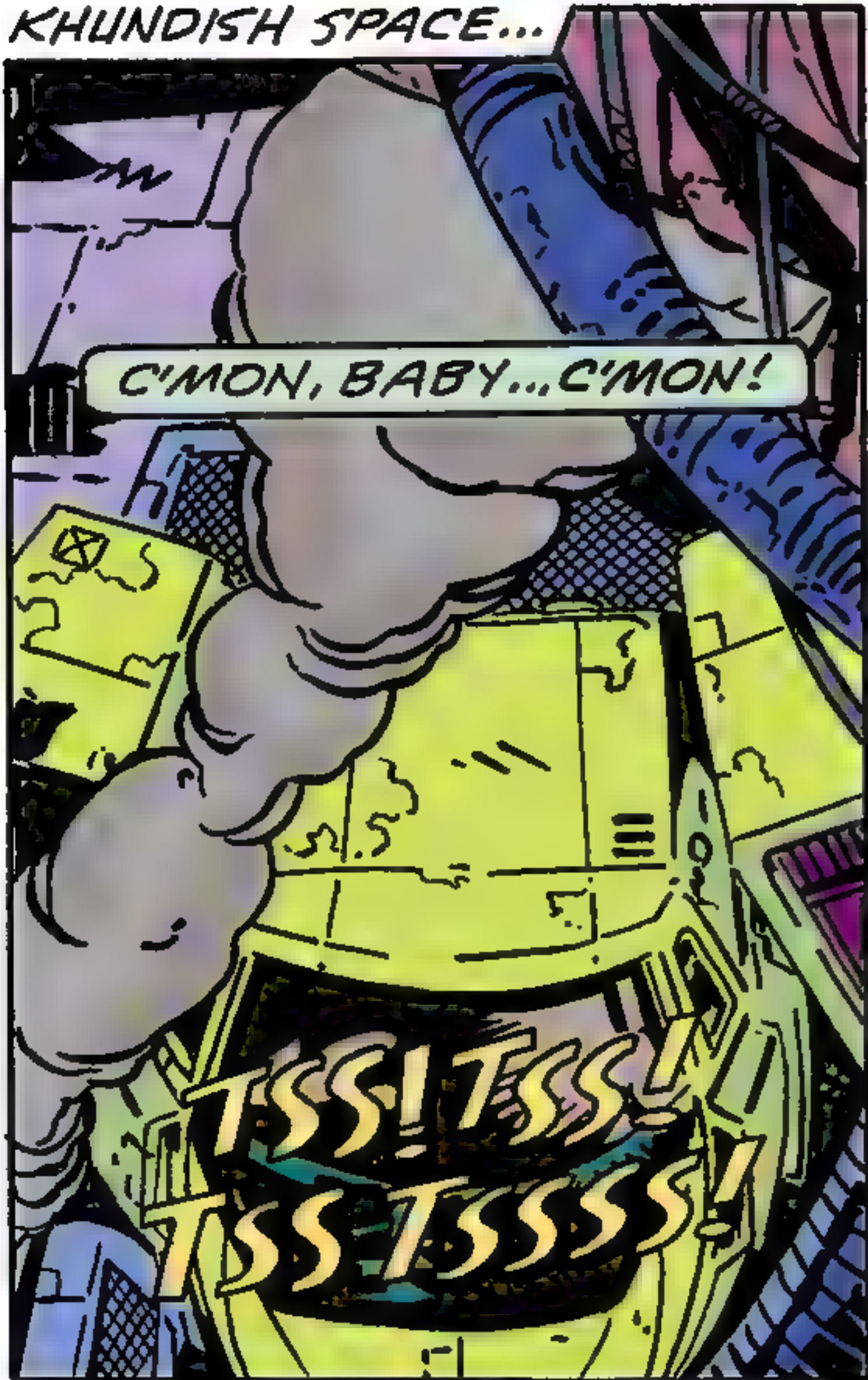
NOW, NOW, MR. KEM!
HERE WE DAWDLE WHEN
YOU'RE OVERDUE TO
FULLY EXPERIENCE THE
WONDERS OF THE
REALM OF DARKNESS!
COME! WE MUST GET
TO IT!

WELL, GEE,
A LITTLE MORE
DAWDLING
COULDN'T
POSSIBLY
HURT...

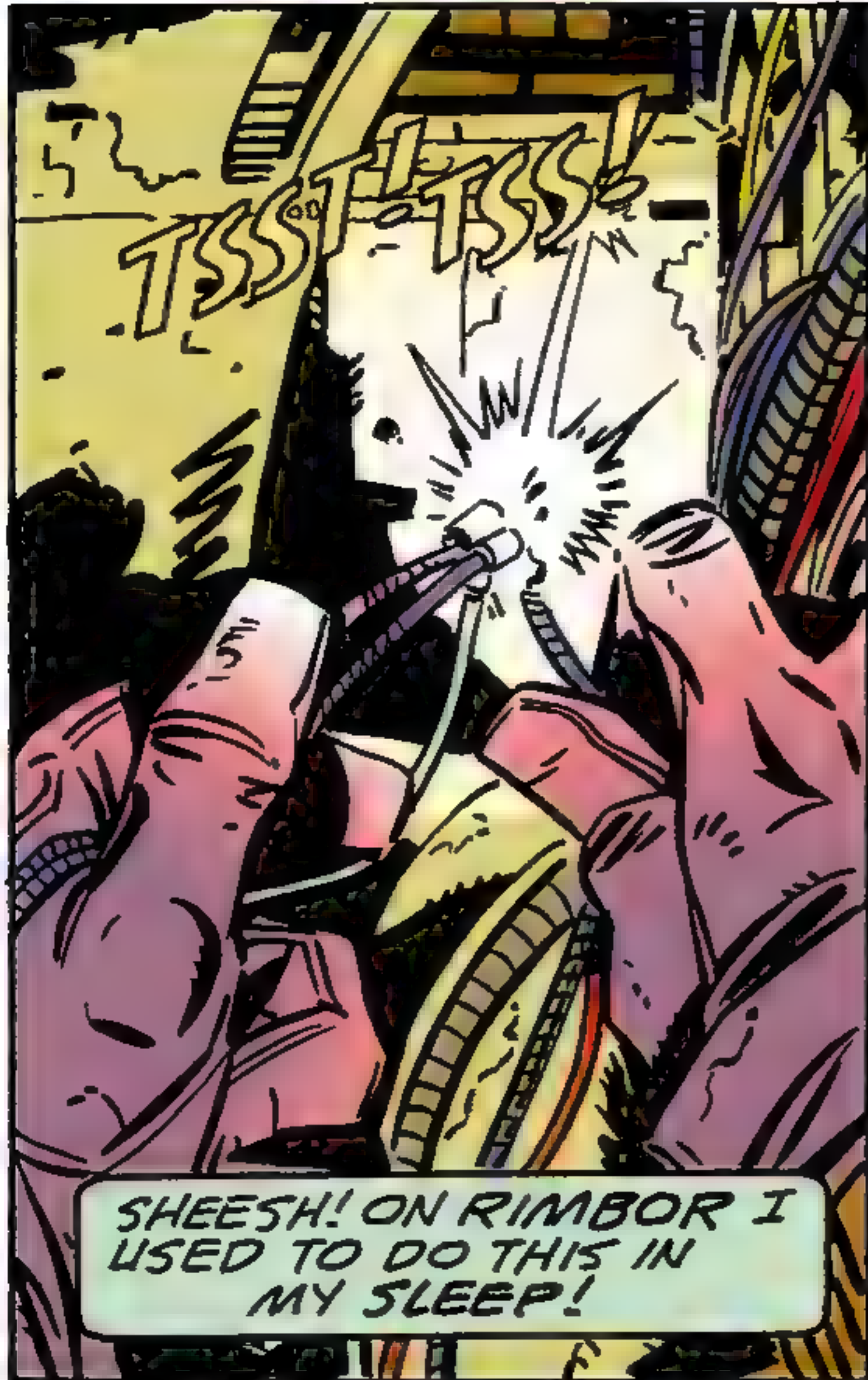
OH, DON'T WORRY,
YOU'RE GOING TO LIKE
THE REALM! HERE, YOU WILL
FIND CONTENTMENT,
STIMULATING COMPANION-
SHIP, AND A REWARDING
CAREER!

I SEE. SORT
OF A NETHER-
WORLD VERSION
OF THE NORTH
ARCTORIAN SCHOOL
OF TRUCKING.

KHUNDISH SPACE...



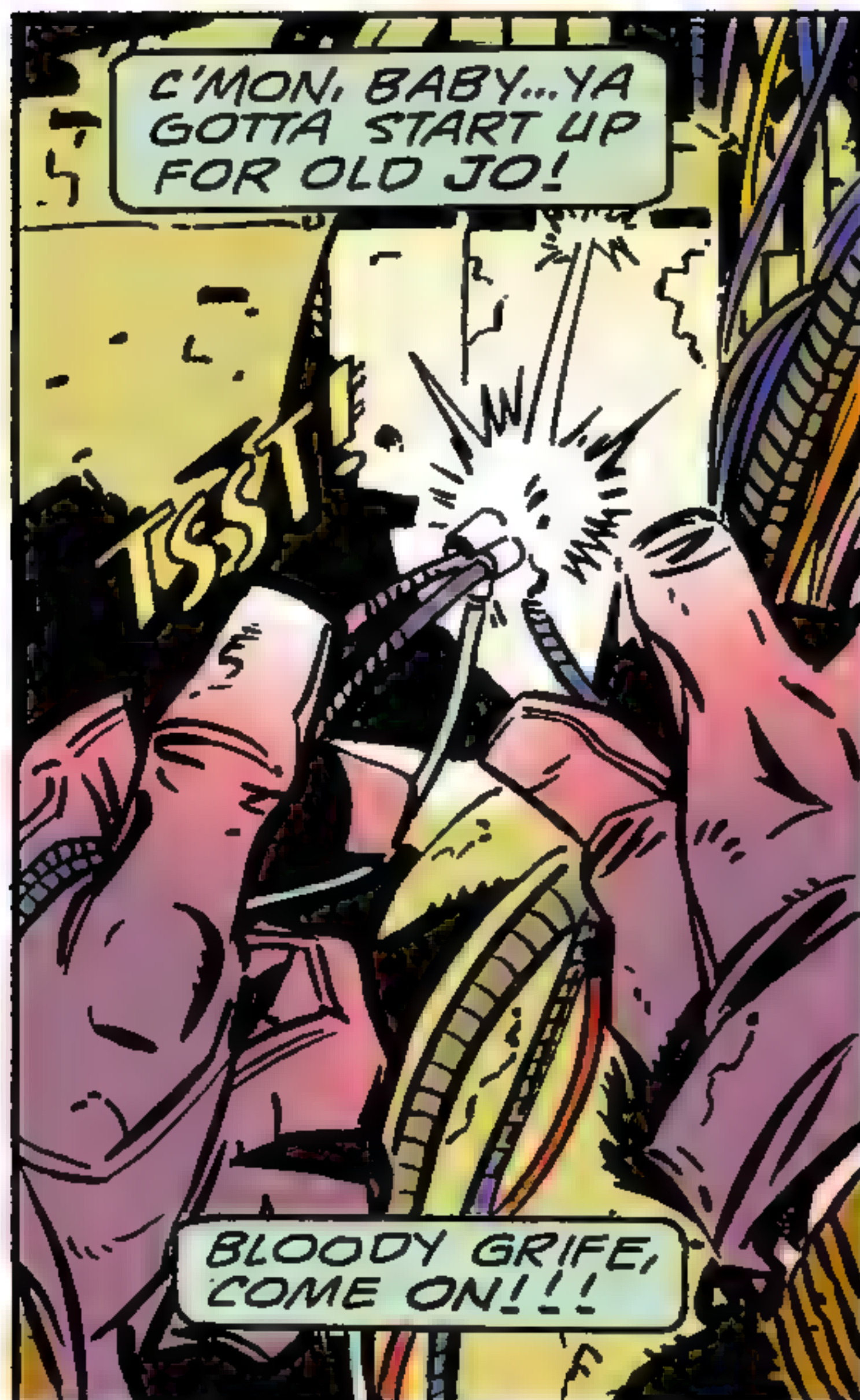
C'MON, BABY...C'MON!



SHEESH! ON RIMBOR I USED TO DO THIS IN MY SLEEP!

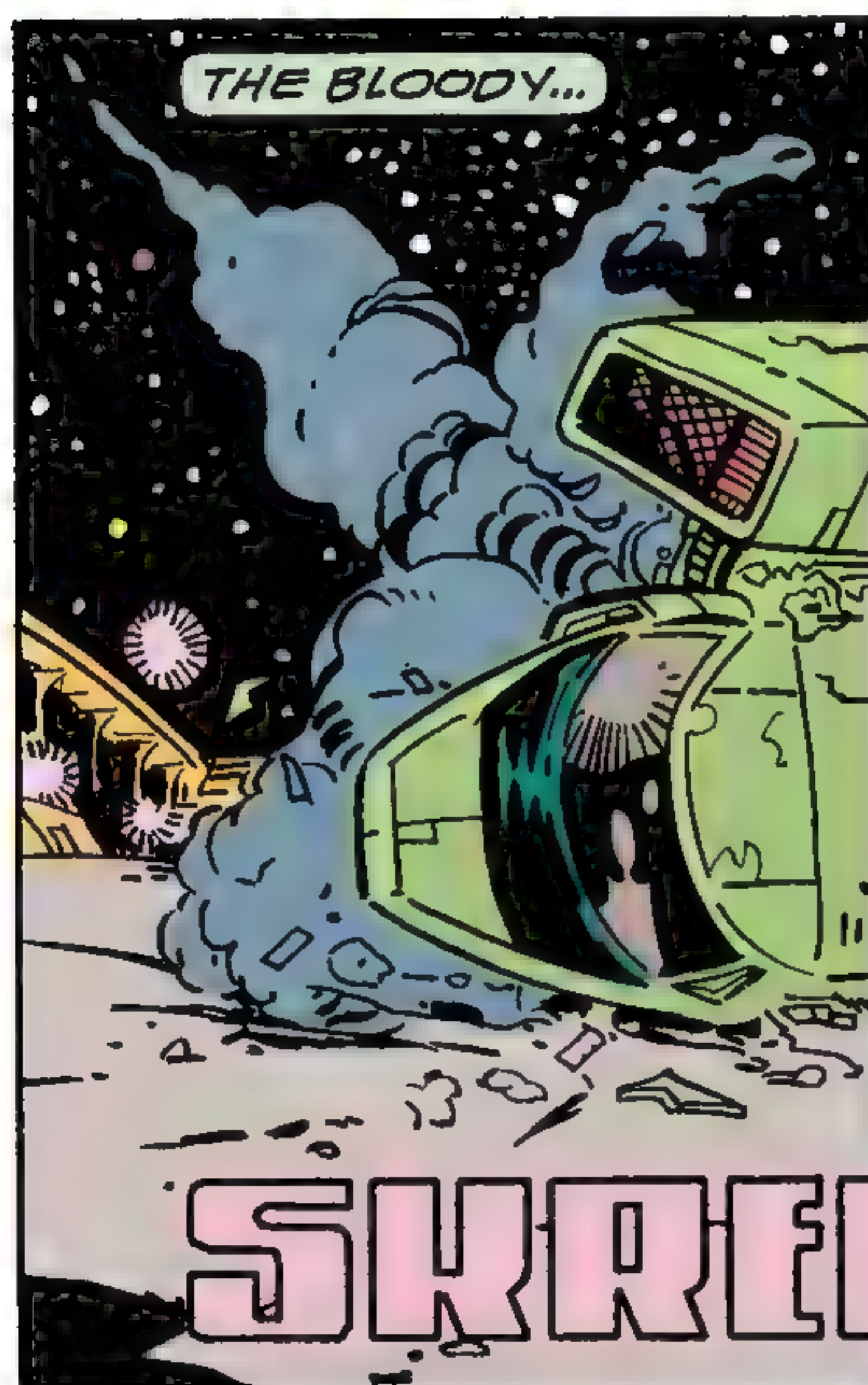


AND THAT GUARD'S GONNA COME AROUND ANY SECOND NOW...



C'MON, BABY...YA GOTTA START UP FOR OLD JO!

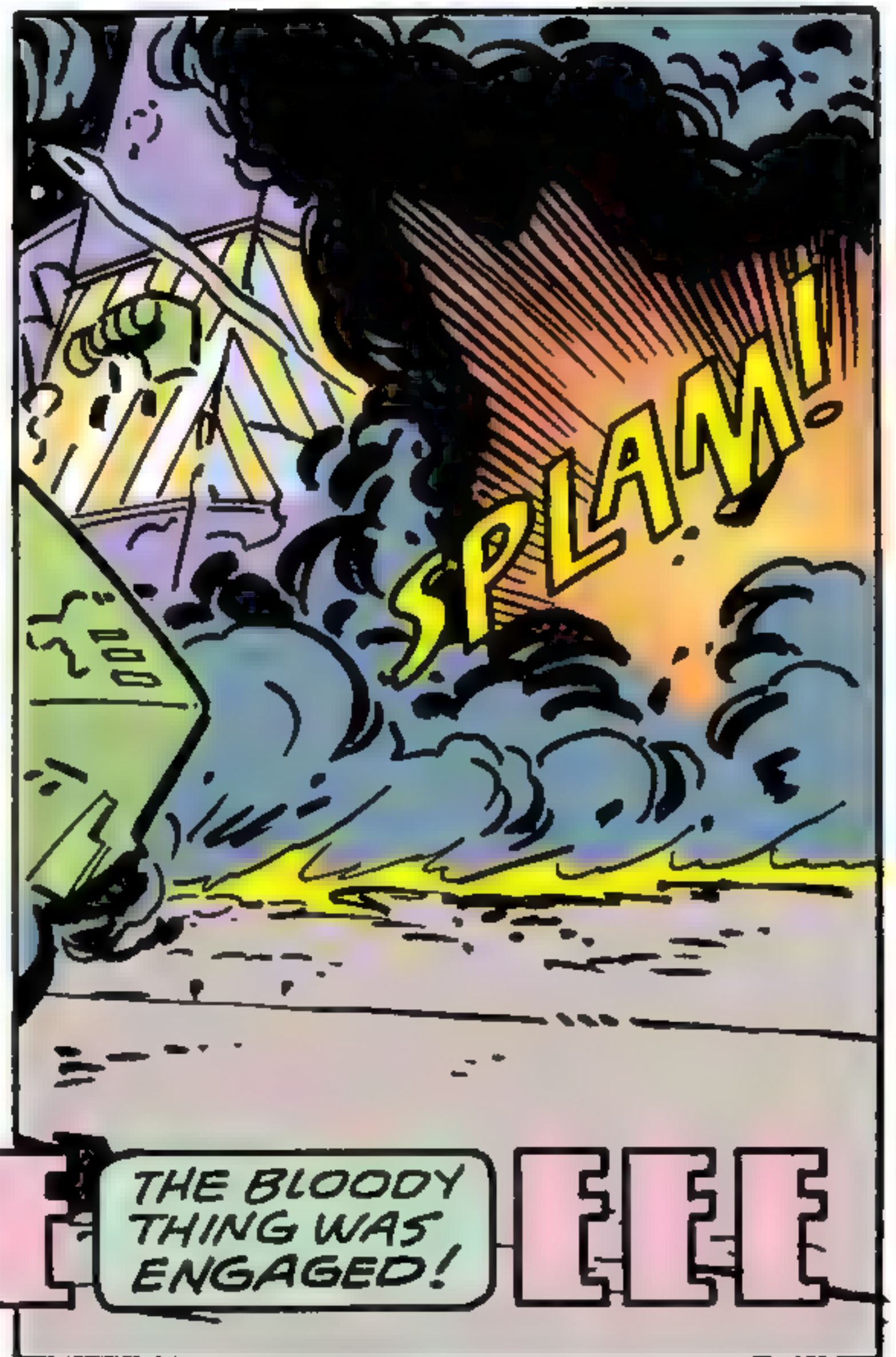
BLOODY GRIFE, COME ON!!!



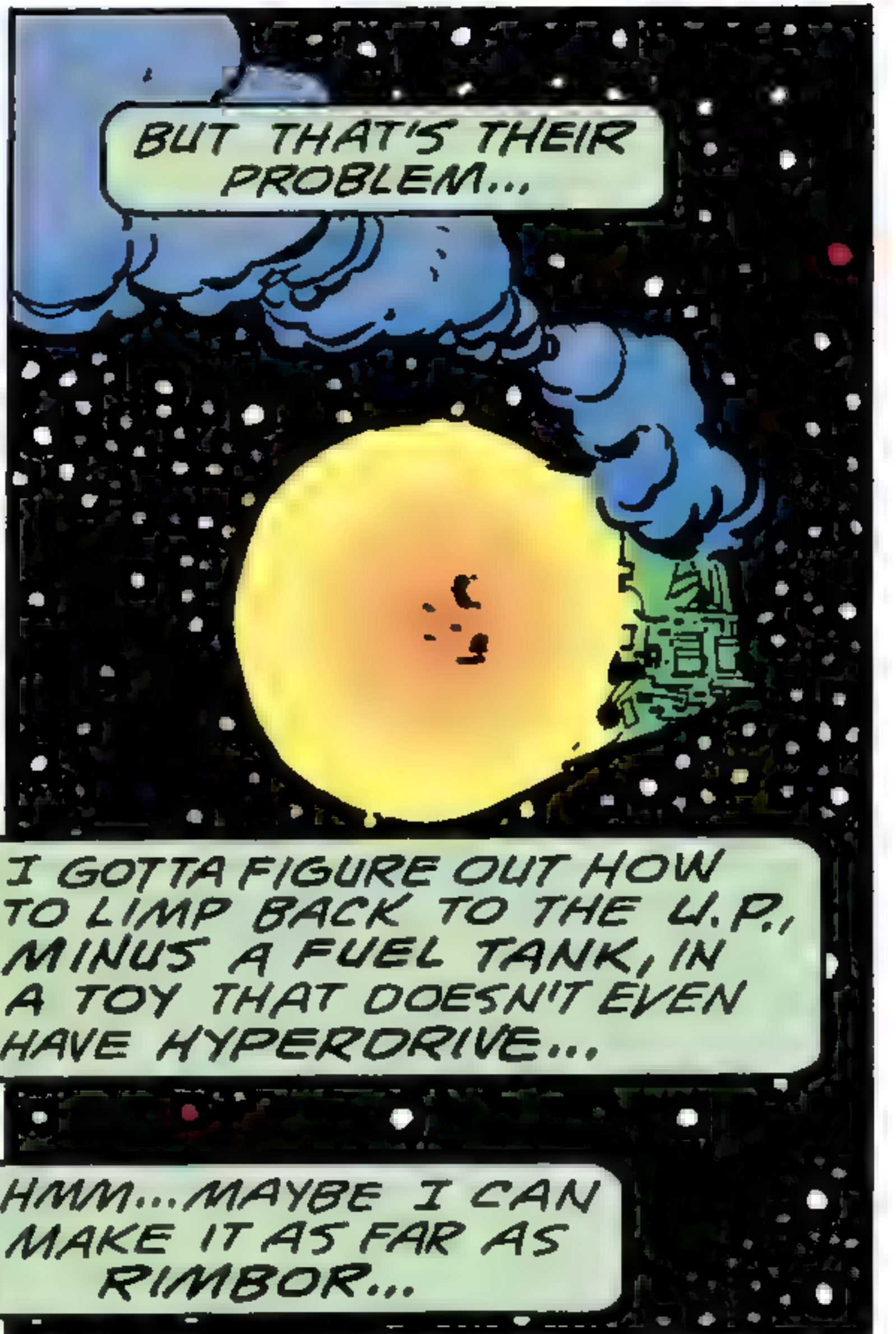
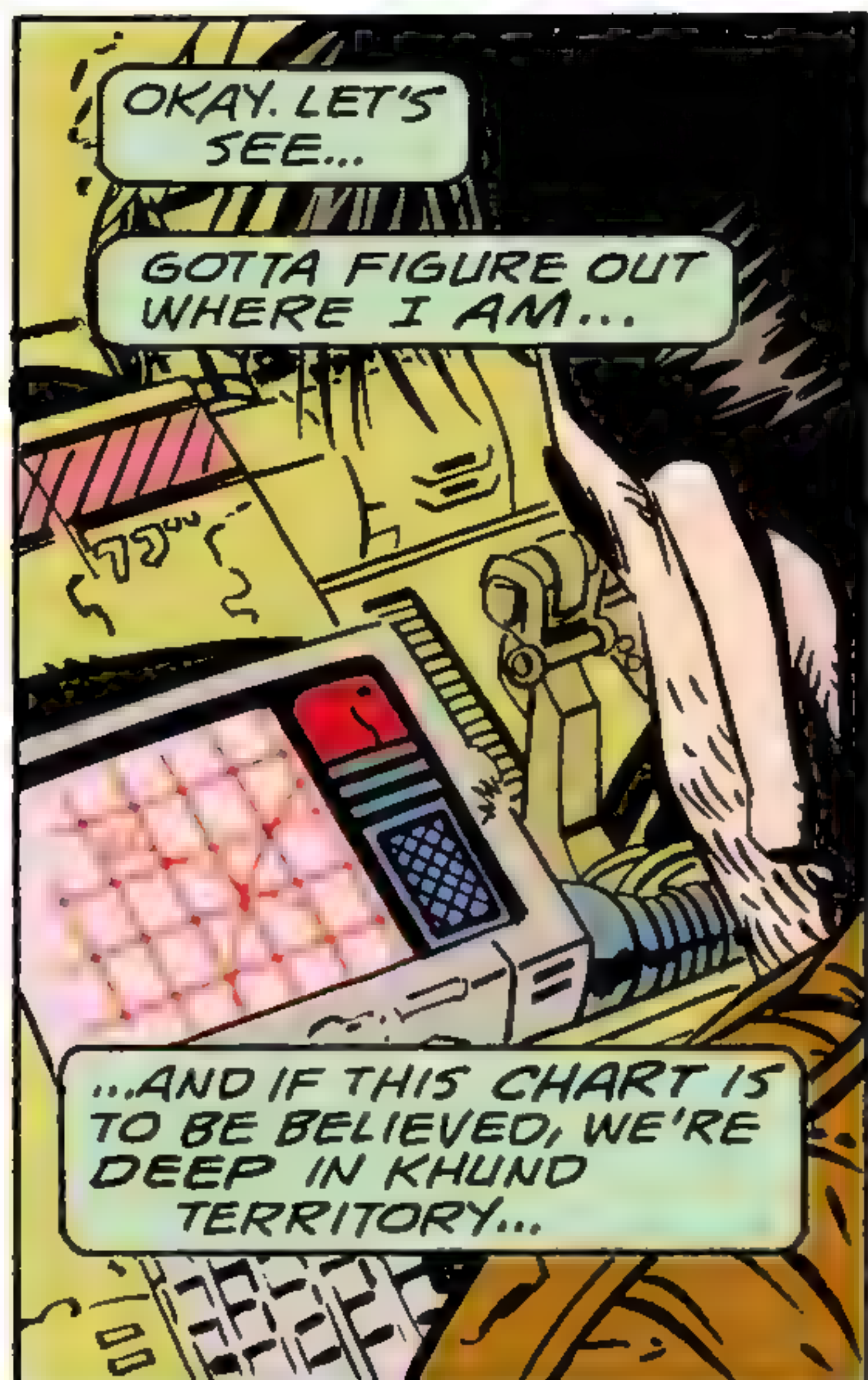
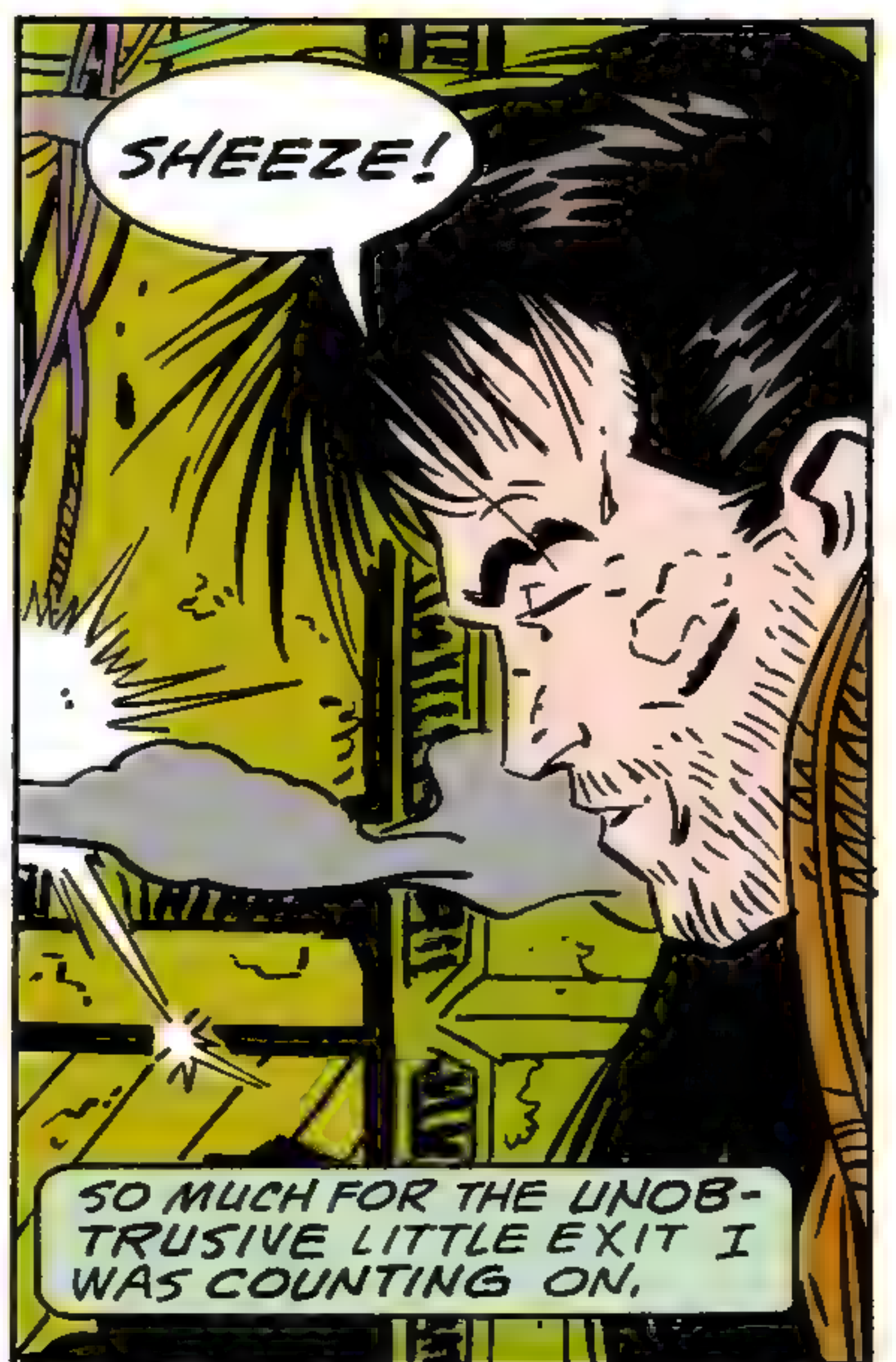
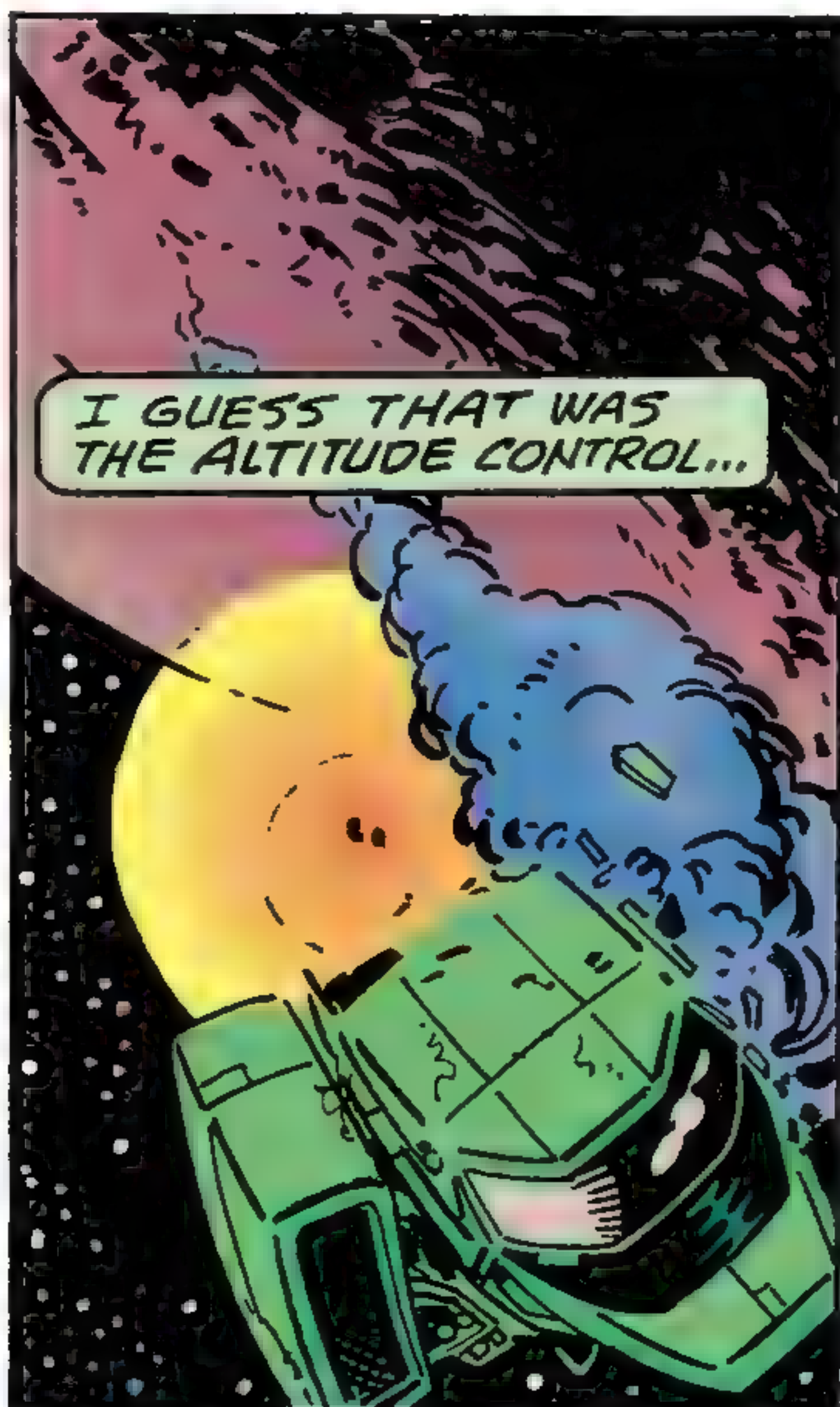
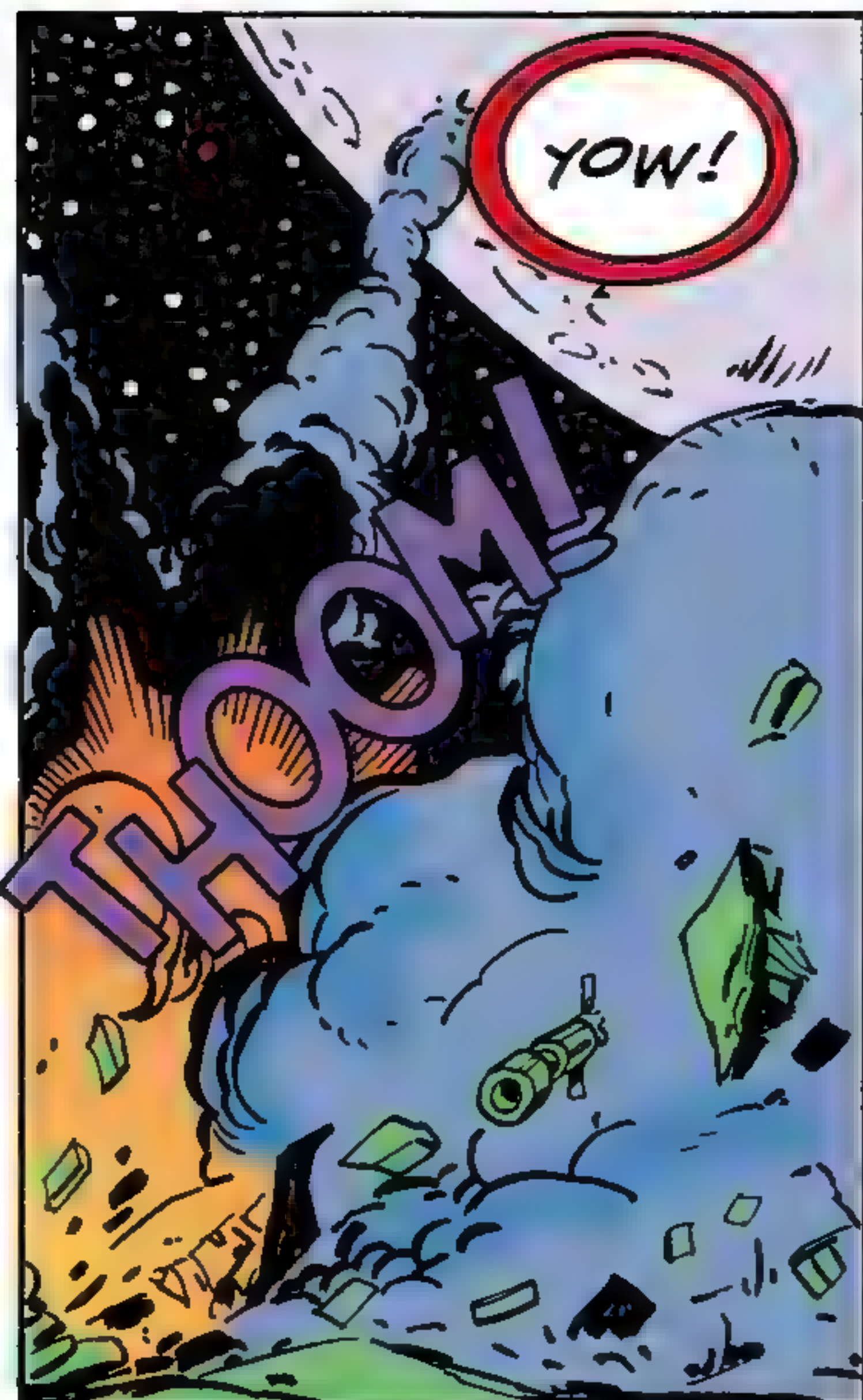
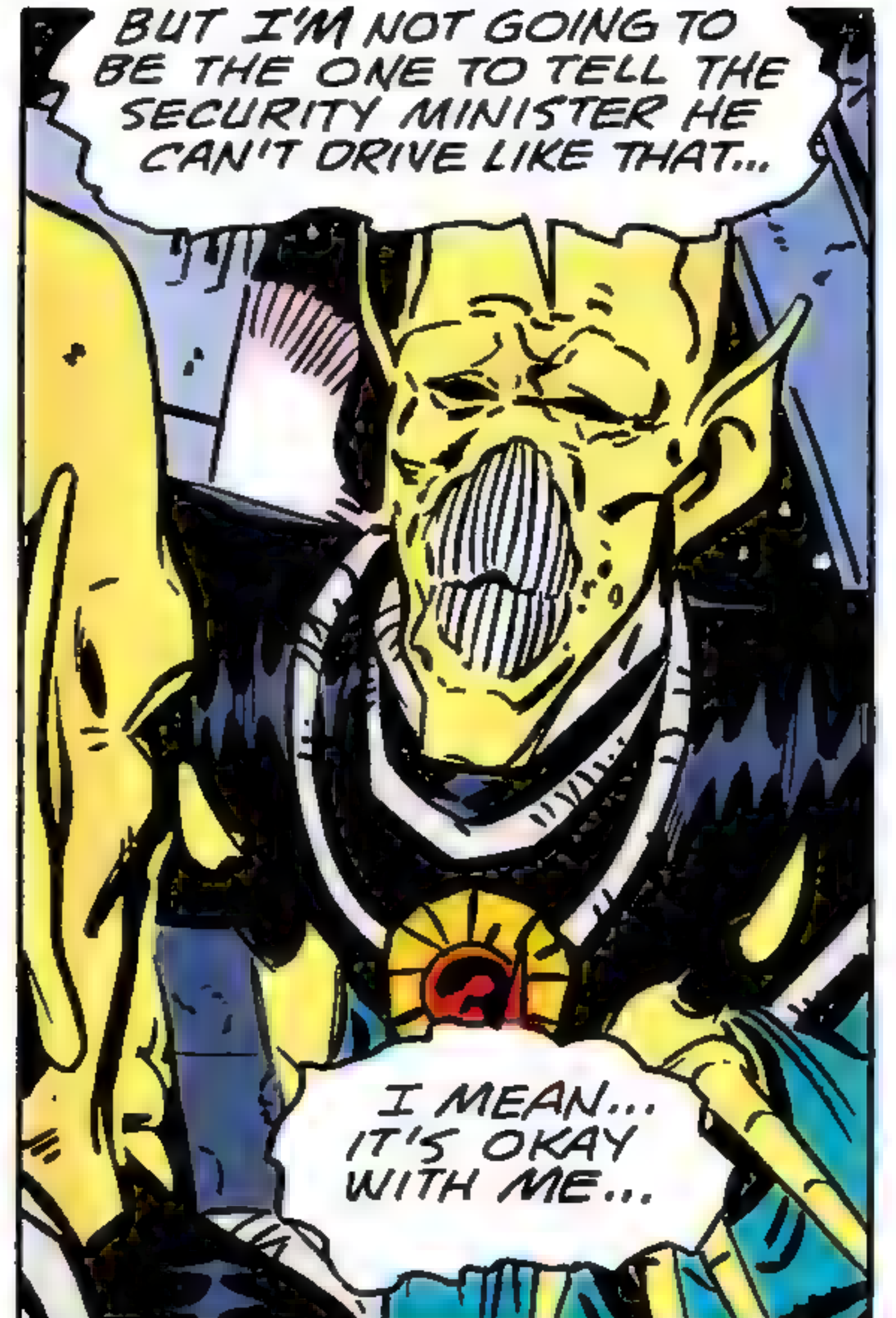
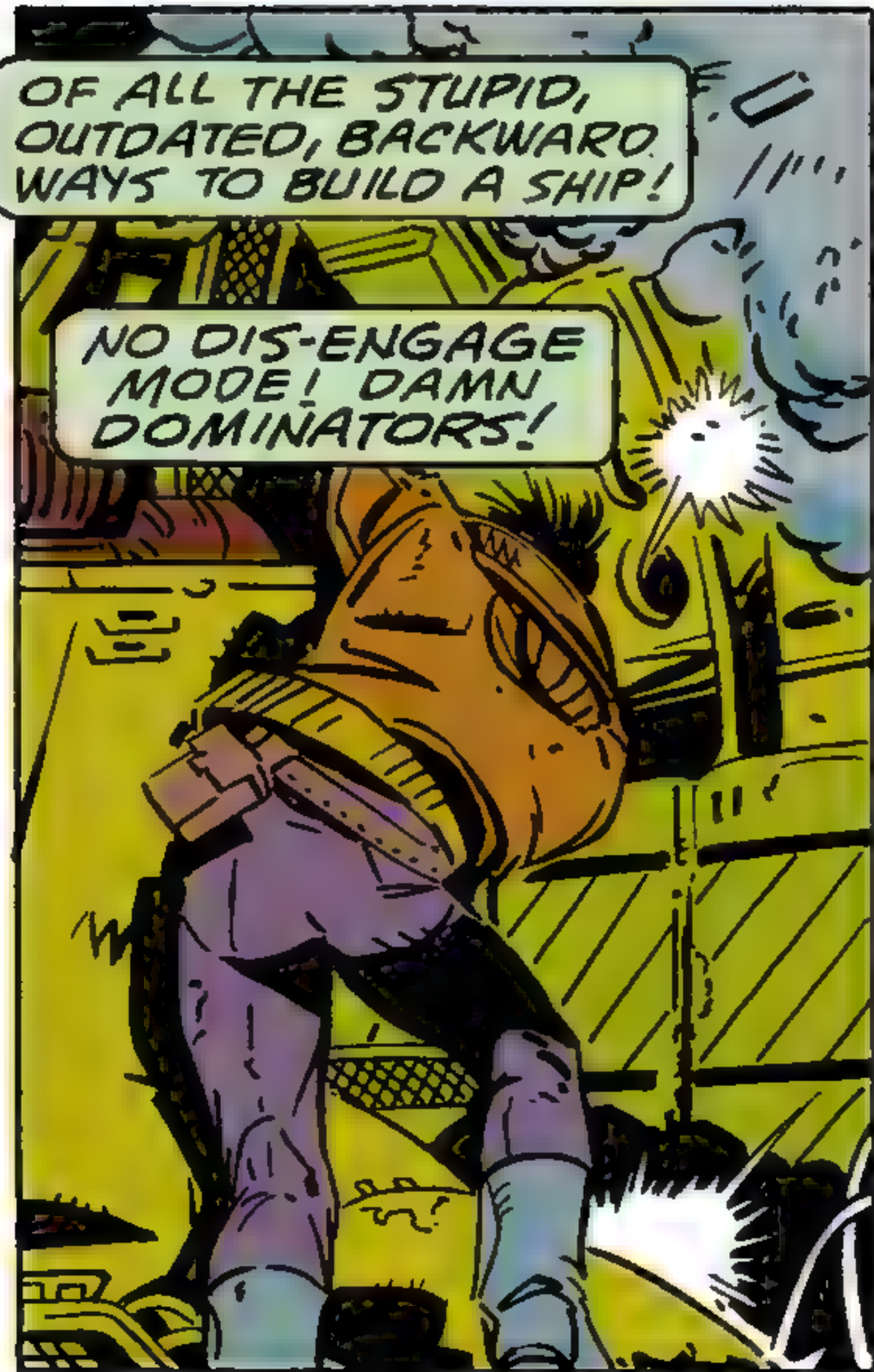
THE BLOODY...



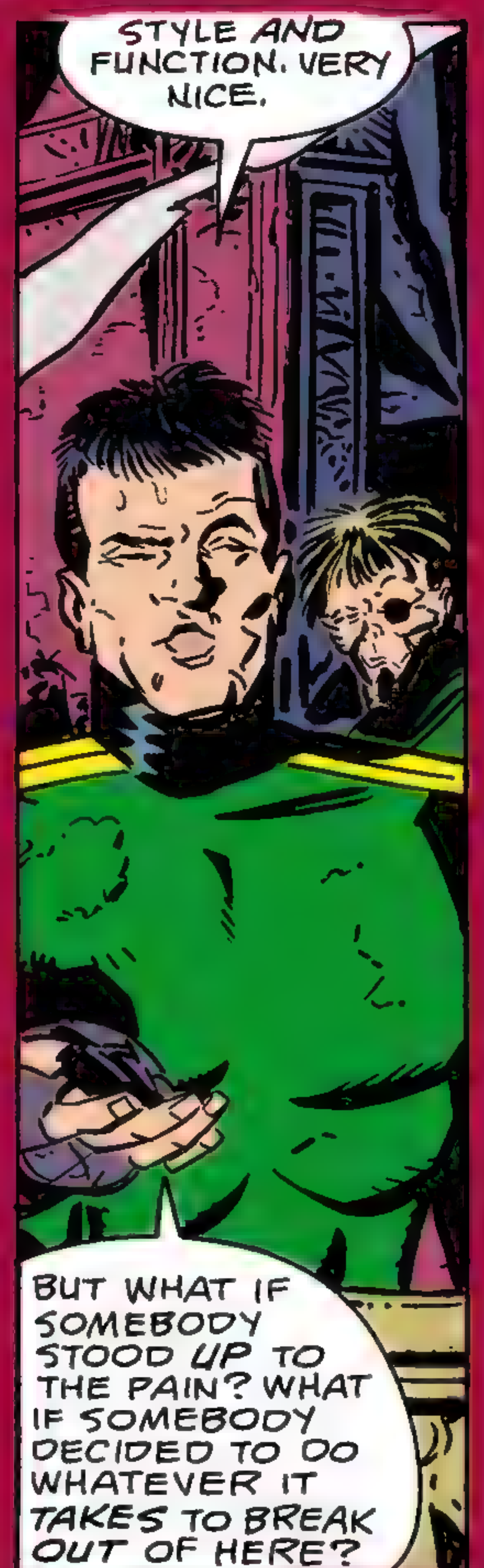
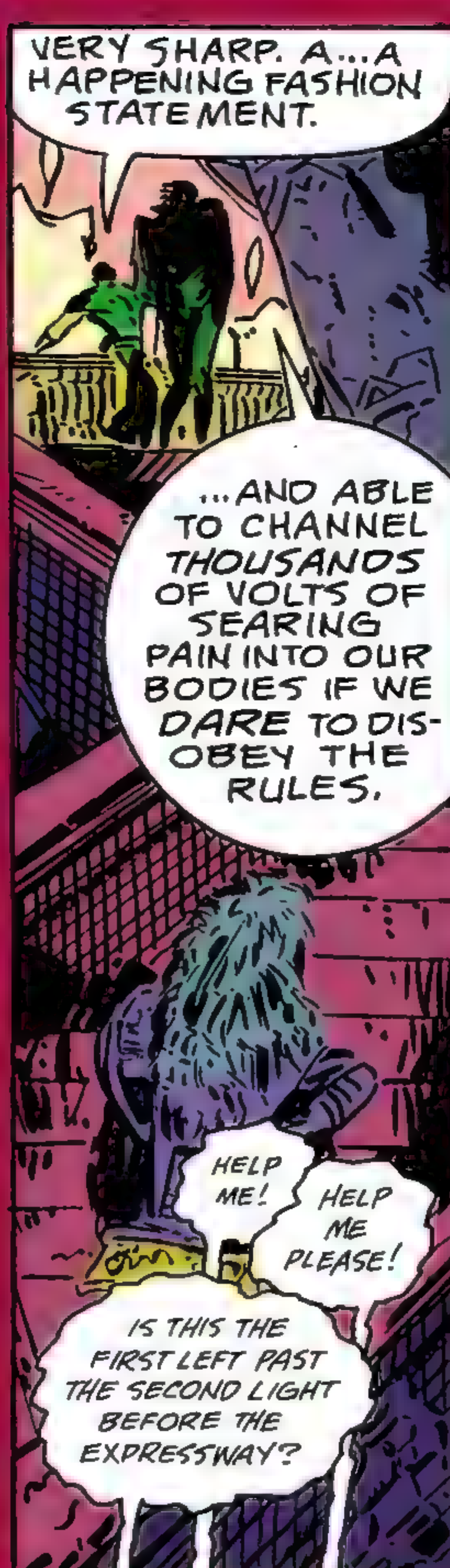
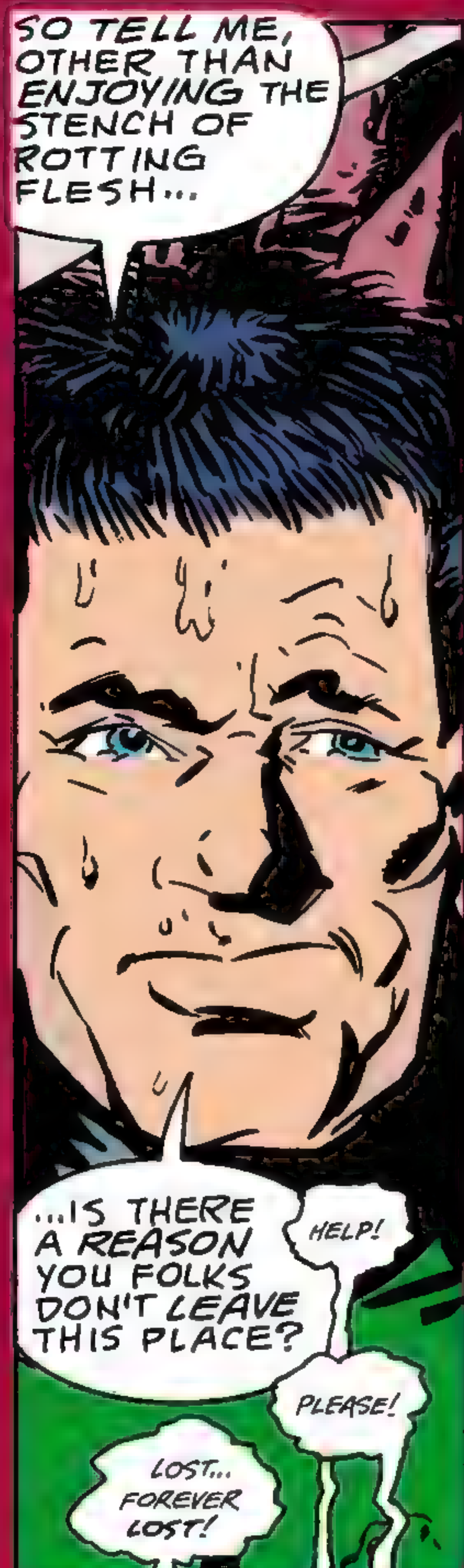
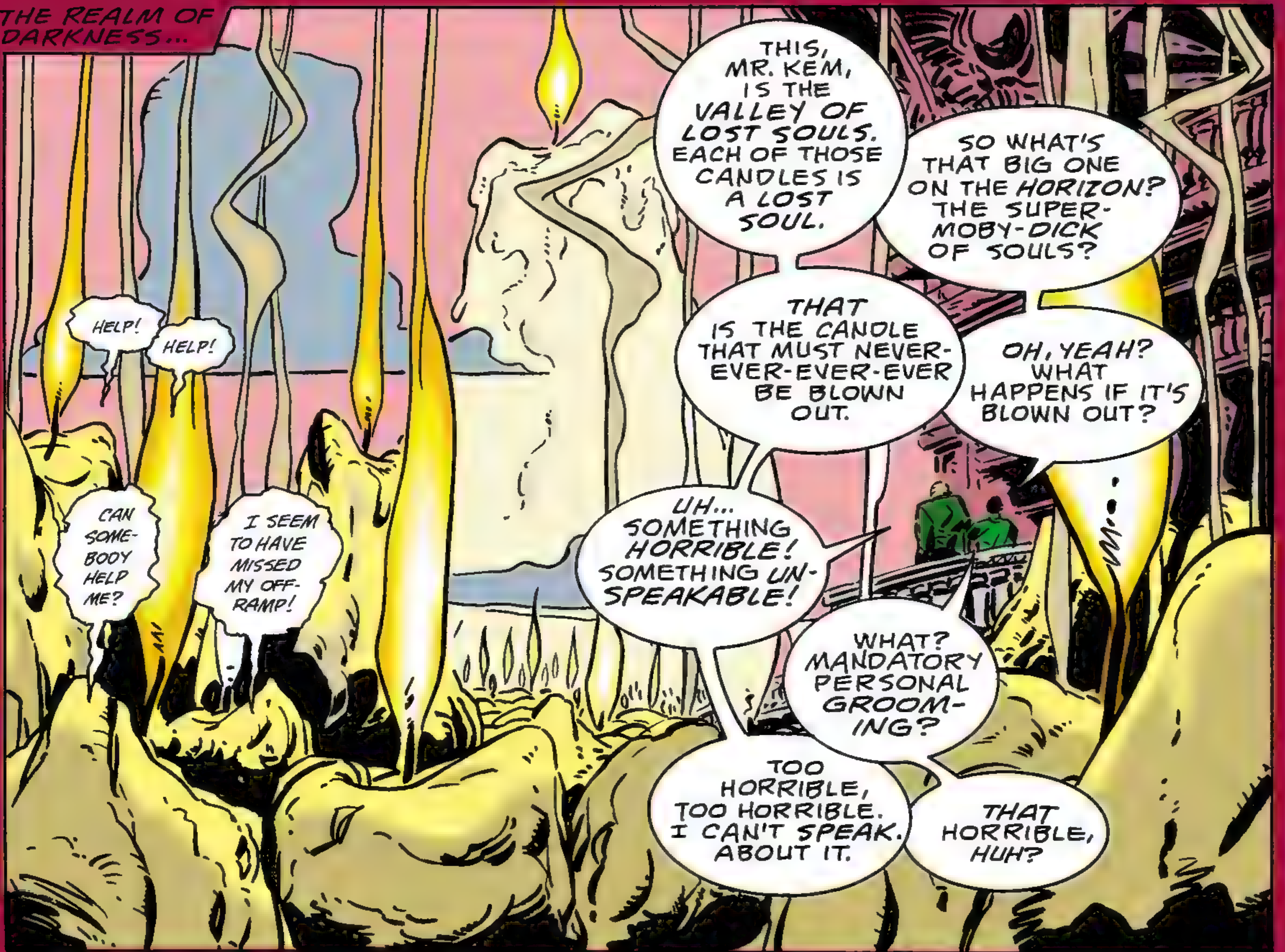
WHOOAH!

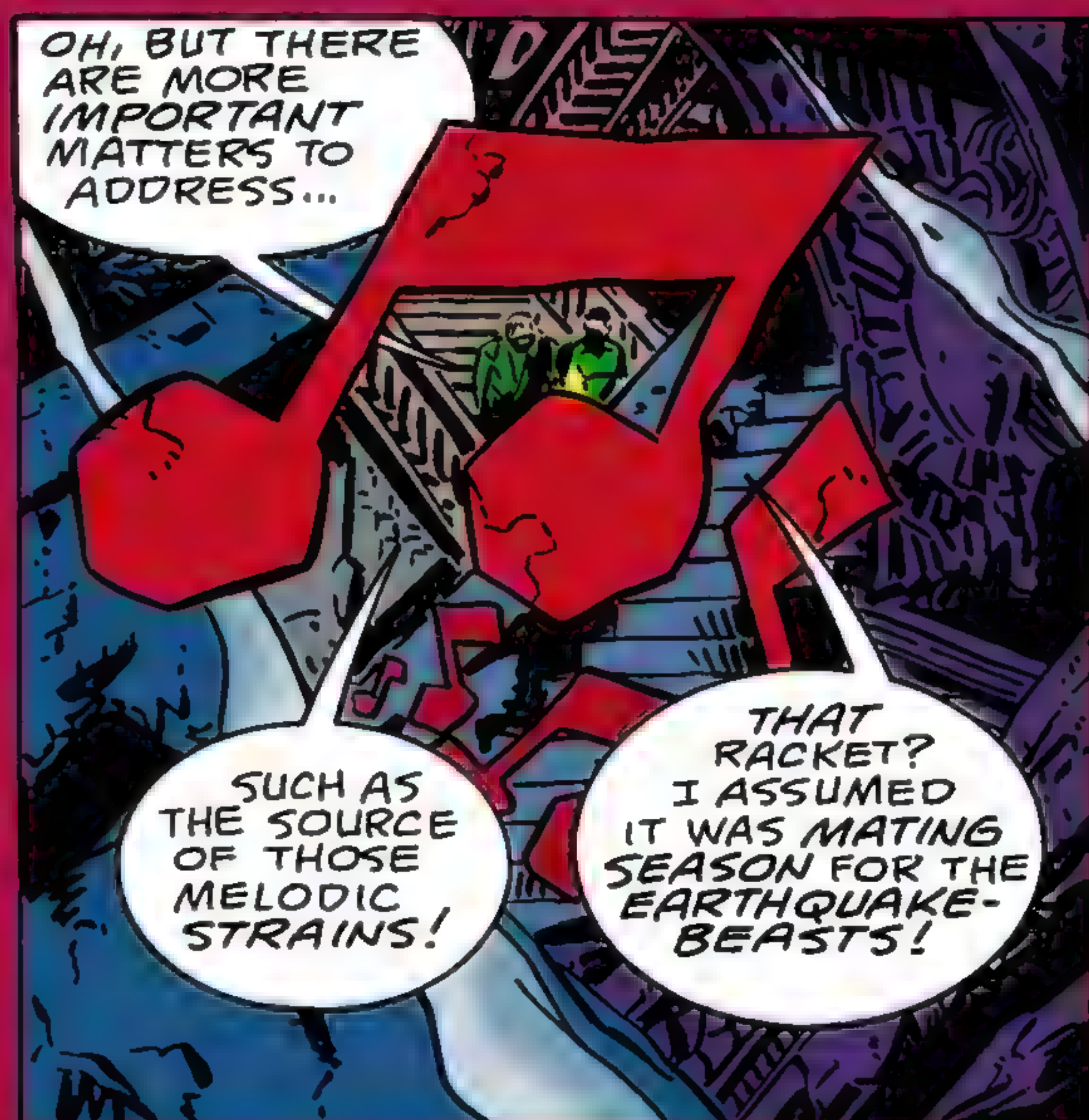
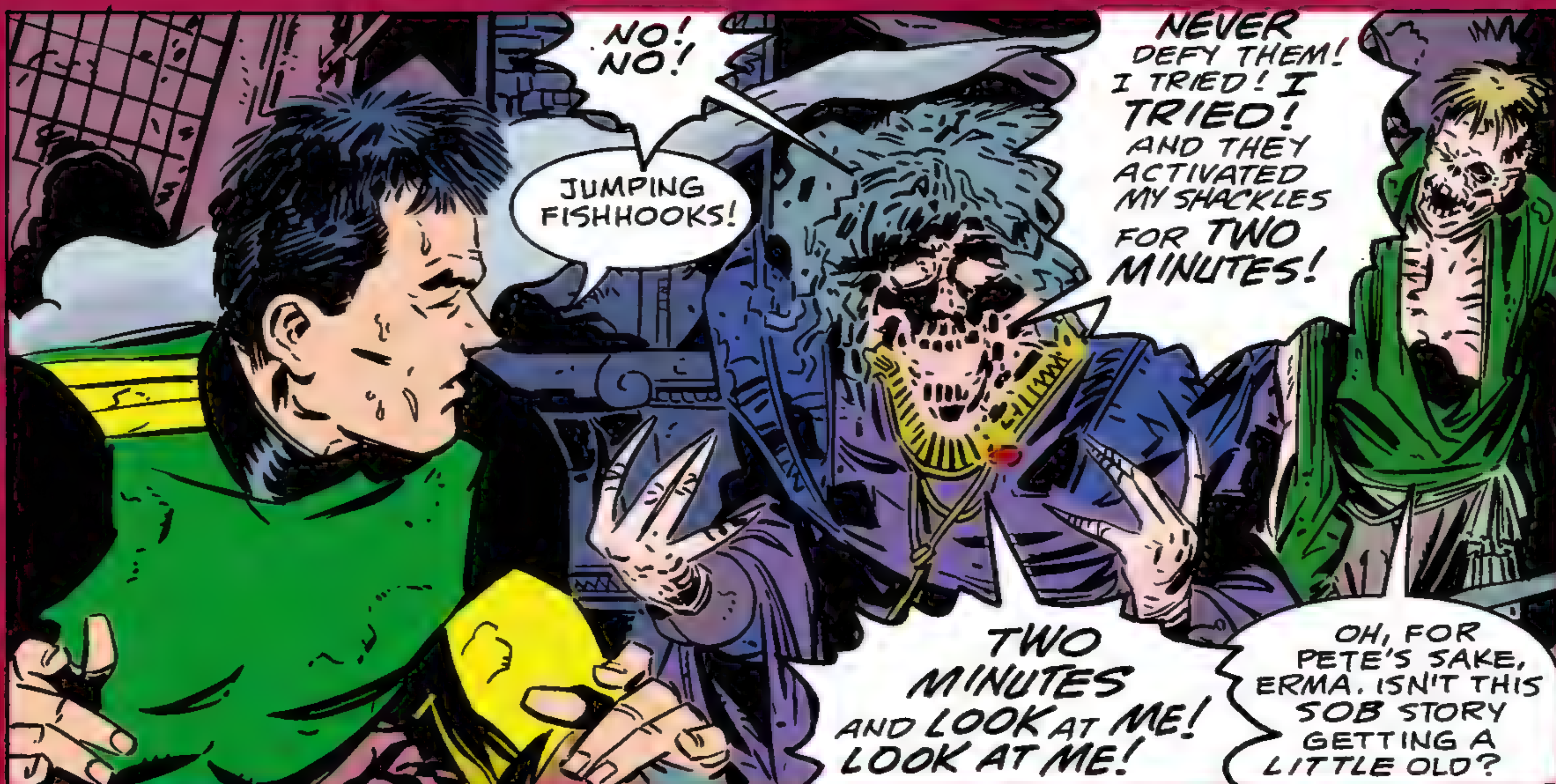


THE BLOODY THING WAS ENGAGED!



THE REALM OF DARKNESS...





SWEET MARIA SLUDGECKET! WHAT THE DEVIL IS THAT?!

THAT, MR. KEM, IS THE SOURCE OF THIS MOST BEAUTIFUL OF ALL MELODIES. THE BAGS OF ETERNITY!

THE BAGS OF ETERNITY? REALLY? I THINK MY AUNT USED TO PLAY CARDS WITH THEM.

THEY COMBINE THE EXHALATIONS OF THE LUCKIEST SOULS AMONG US, WHO ARE PRIVILEGED TO PERFORM IN THIS CELESTIAL ORCHESTRA...

AND THE UNLUCKY ONES? I SUPPOSE THEY HAVE TO LISTEN TO IT.

YOU SHOULD NOT MOCK THIS ORCHESTRA, TENZIL KEM.

OH?

FOR YOU ARE TO BE ITS NEWEST MEMBER.

PUFF! PUFF! PUFF! HUFF! GASP! PUFF! PHEW! GASP! PUFF! WHEEZE! HUFF! PUFF!

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PUFF!
PHEW!
GASP!
WHEEZE!
HUFF!
GASP!
PUFF!
HUFF!
PUFF!

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THE BAGS OF
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THE BAGS
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REALLY?
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AUNT USED
TO PLAY
CARDS WITH
THEM.

PUFF!
PUFF!
PUFF!
HUFF!
GASP!
PUFF!
PHEN!
GASP!
WHEEZE!
HUFF!
PUFF!

THEY
COMBINE THE
EXHALATIONS
OF THE LUCKIEST
SOULS AMONG US,
WHO ARE PRIVILEGED
TO PERFORM IN
THIS CELESTIAL
ORCHESTRA...

AND THE
UNLUCKY
ONES? I SUPPOSE
THEY HAVE TO
LISTEN
TO IT.

YOU
SHOULD NOT
MOCK THIS
ORCHESTRA,
TENZIL
KEM.

OH?

FOR YOU
ARE TO BE
ITS NEWEST
MEMBER.

SWEET MARIA SLUDGECKET! WHAT THE DEVIL IS THAT?!

THAT, MR. KEM, IS THE SOURCE OF THIS MOST BEAUTIFUL OF ALL MELODIES. THE BAGS OF ETERNITY!

THE BAGS OF ETERNITY? REALLY? I THINK MY AUNT USED TO PLAY CARDS WITH THEM.

PUFF!
PUFF!
PHEW!
GASP!
WHEEZE!
HUFF!
GASP!
PUFF!
HUFF!
PUFF!

THEY COMBINE THE EXHALATIONS OF THE LUCKIEST SOULS AMONG US, WHO ARE PRIVILEGED TO PERFORM IN THIS CELESTIAL ORCHESTRA...

AND THE UNLUCKY ONES? I SUPPOSE THEY HAVE TO LISTEN TO IT.

YOU SHOULD NOT MOCK THIS ORCHESTRA, TENZIL KEM.

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FOR YOU ARE TO BE ITS NEWEST MEMBER.

PUFF! PUFF! PUFF! HUFF! GASP! PUFF! PHEW! GASP! PUFF! WHEEZE! HUFF! PUFF!

[illegible]



OH, WELL.
...PUFF...IT'S A
LIVING...

GASP!

PUFF!



WHOOSH!

HEY,
WAITAMINUTE!
...GASP...THAT
SOUNDS
LIKE...

SUGYN,
YOU OLD
BLOWHARD!
...HUFF...IS
THAT YOU?



AYE! IT IS
INDEED!
...PUFF...AND
WHO MIGHT
YOU BE?

TENZIL KEM!
...GASP...
MATTER-
EATER
LAD!

SWEET
VALKYRIES!
...PUFF...THE
LEGIONNAIRE WHO
EATS MATTER IN
ALL FORMS!
HOW ARE
YA, LAD?!

OH, NOT
BAD...PUFF...
YOURSELF?

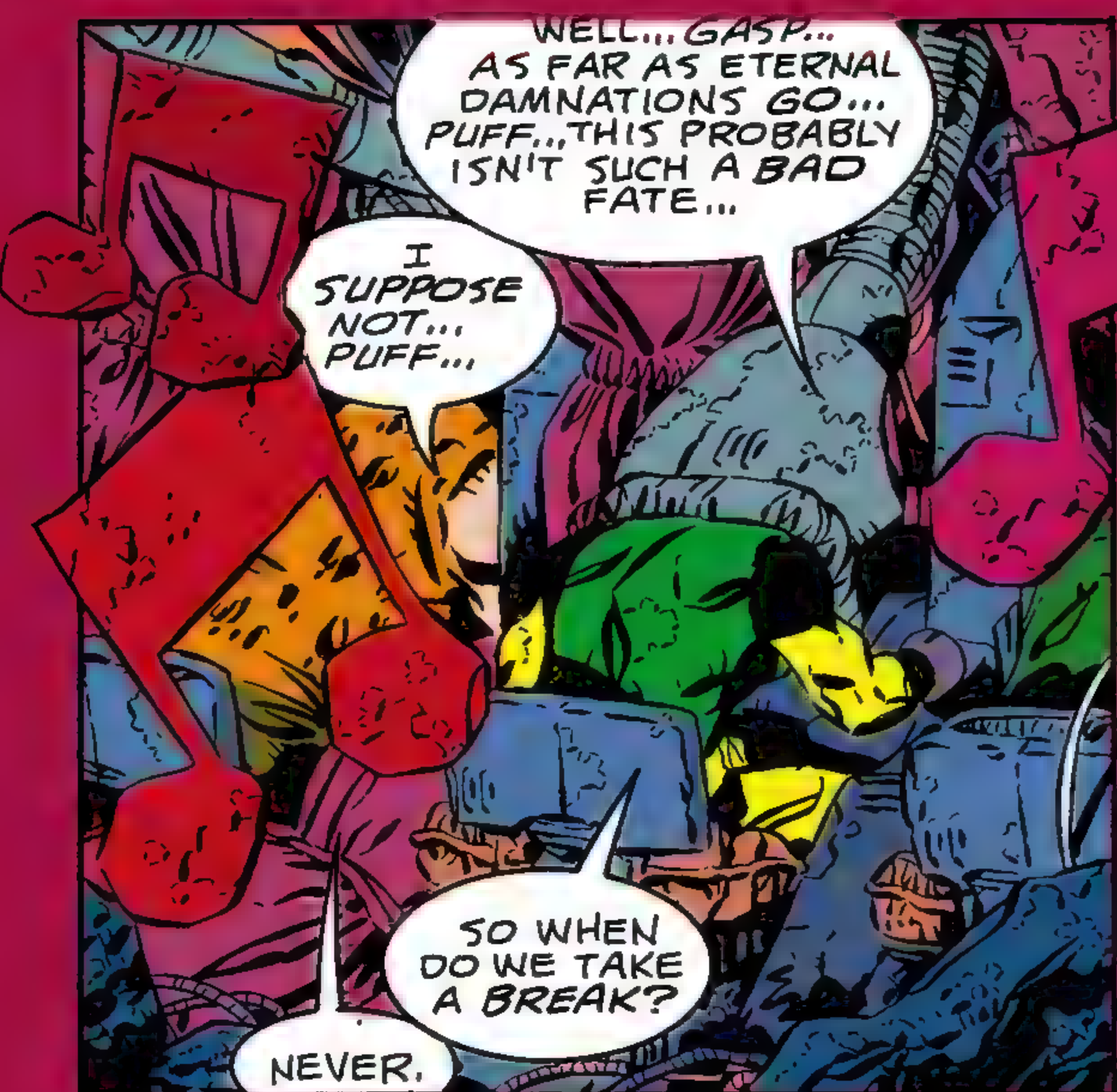


OH, FINE.
FINE.

SO
...WHEEZE
...THIS
IS OUR
ETERNAL
PUNISH-
MENT?

AYE...PUFF...
YA GOTTA KEEP
BLOWING IN THESE
CONTRAPTIONS
...PWEW...OR THEY'LL
PULVERIZE YA WITH
THE SHACKLES OF
AGONY! DO YA
KNOW ABOUT
THE SHACKLES,
LAD?

RIGHT.
ORGANS
BURSTING.
I KNOW. I
MET ERMA.



WELL...GASP...
AS FAR AS ETERNAL
DAMNATIONS GO...
PUFF...THIS PROBABLY
ISN'T SUCH A BAD
FATE...

I
SUPPOSE
NOT...
PUFF...

SO WHEN
DO WE TAKE
A BREAK?

NEVER.



ORAY,
THAT'S IT.
THIS HAS
CEASED
TO BE
AMUSING.

TRYING
TO BE A TEAM-
PLAYER IS ONE
THING, BUT THIS
KINDA NON-STOP
EFFORT TENDS
TO GIVE A GUY
AN APPETITE...

AND
YOU DON'T
WANT TO
GIVE ME AN
APPETITE...

ELSEWHERE...

NICE PICTURE, ROVER-EYE IS LOOKING GOOD.

SO WHERE THE HECK IS THIS? THE BATTLE-FIELDS OF MLAIN?!

NO, CHAM, THIS IS TALUS...

IT'S A PLANETOID THAT'S IN ORBIT AROUND ERKENHOM.

IT LOOKS LIKE A BALL OF JUNK.

YOU'RE ASKING THE LEGION TO HEAD-QUARTER IN A BALL OF JUNK?

C'MON, CHAM, GIVE GARTH A CHANCE...

WELL, CHAM'S RIGHT. THAT'S PRETTY MUCH WHAT IT IS.

WHICH IS WHY IMRA AND I LOCATED OUR STATION THERE, WE THOUGHT WE'D MAKE OUR FORTUNE IN THE SALVAGE BUSINESS.

GIVE US AN OVER-VIEW, PLEASE...

LOOK AT THAT. THE THING IS ABOUT TWO MILES ACROSS.

IT'S A MOTHER LODE OF TECHNOLOGY, SOME OF IT CENTURIES OLD!

ALL OF WHICH WOULD BE GREAT, IF WE WERE THE LEGION OF SALVAGE-HEROES.

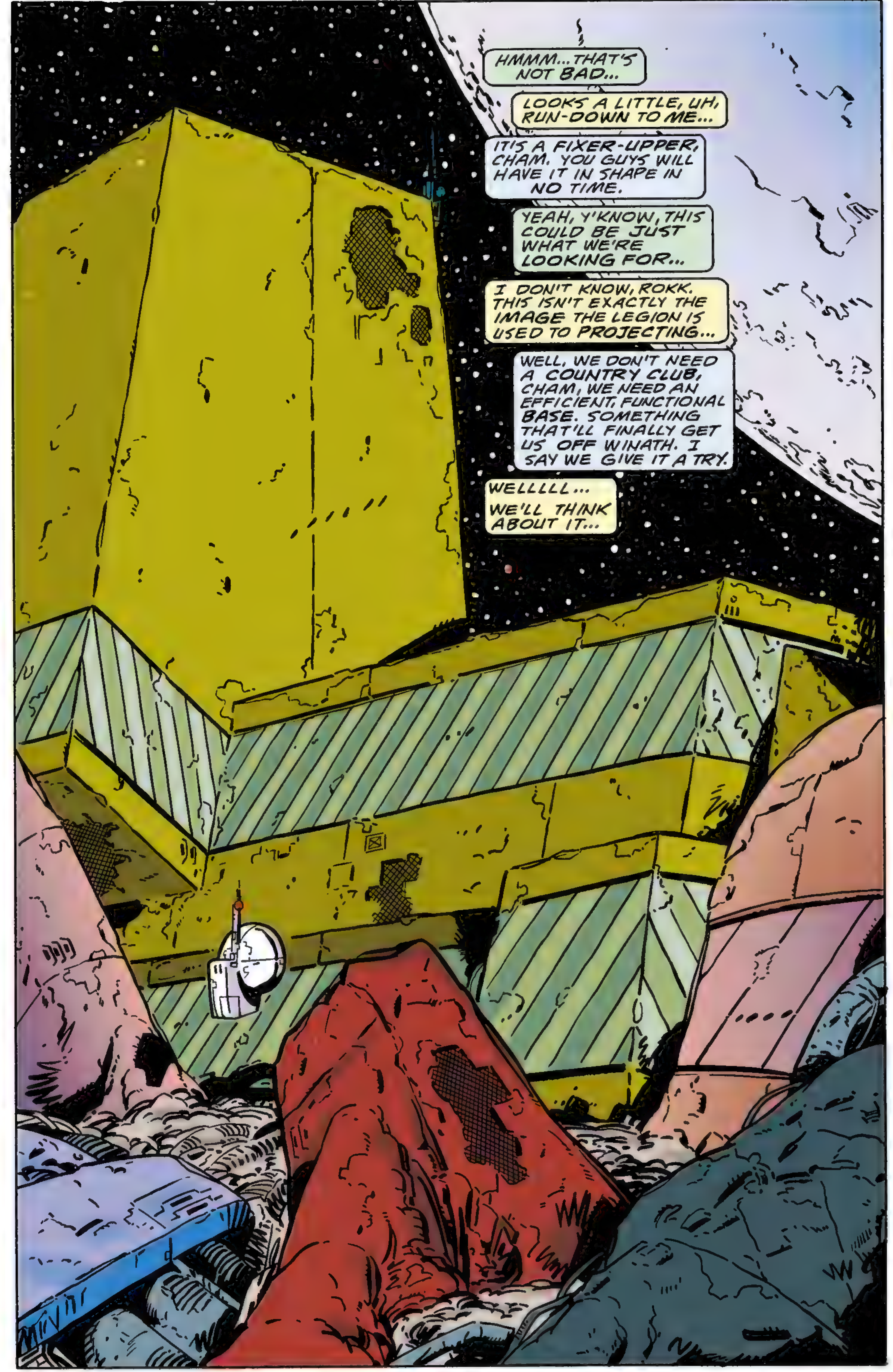
WAIT A MINUTE, CHAM, I THINK I SEE GARTH'S POINT...

... BRAINY WOULD HAVE A FIELD DAY OUT THERE.

MAYBE SO, BUT I DON'T SEE ANYTHING RESEMBLING A HEADQUARTERS IN SIGHT...

WELL, SO FAR I'VE JUST BEEN SHOWING YOU THE NEIGHBORHOOD...

HERE COMES THE HOME-STEAD NOW...



HMMM... THAT'S
NOT BAD...

LOOKS A LITTLE, UH,
RUN-DOWN TO ME...

IT'S A FIXER-UPPER,
CHAM. YOU GUYS WILL
HAVE IT IN SHAPE IN
NO TIME.

YEAH, Y'KNOW, THIS
COULD BE JUST
WHAT WE'RE
LOOKING FOR...

I DON'T KNOW, ROKK.
THIS ISN'T EXACTLY THE
IMAGE THE LEGION IS
USED TO PROJECTING...

WELL, WE DON'T NEED
A COUNTRY CLUB,
CHAM, WE NEED AN
EFFICIENT, FUNCTIONAL
BASE. SOMETHING
THAT'LL FINALLY GET
US OFF WINATH. I
SAY WE GIVE IT A TRY.

WELLLLLL...
WE'LL THINK
ABOUT IT...

THE REALM OF
DARKNESS...



I BELIEVE
THIS IS VERY
SERIOUSLY
AGAINST THE
RULES...

SUGYN, AROUND
HERE, DENTAL
CHECKUPS ARE
SERIOUSLY AGAINST
THE RULES. SOME-
TIMES YOU JUST
HAVE TO ANSWER
TO A HIGHER
LAW.

TENZIL'S
LAW.

HELP!

...LOST...
ETERNALLY
LOST...

HELP!



WE - WE SHOULDN'T
BE DOING THIS, I
TELL YA! WE'LL
END UP LIKE
ERMA!

LOOK,
IT'S A SIMPLE
FORMULA...



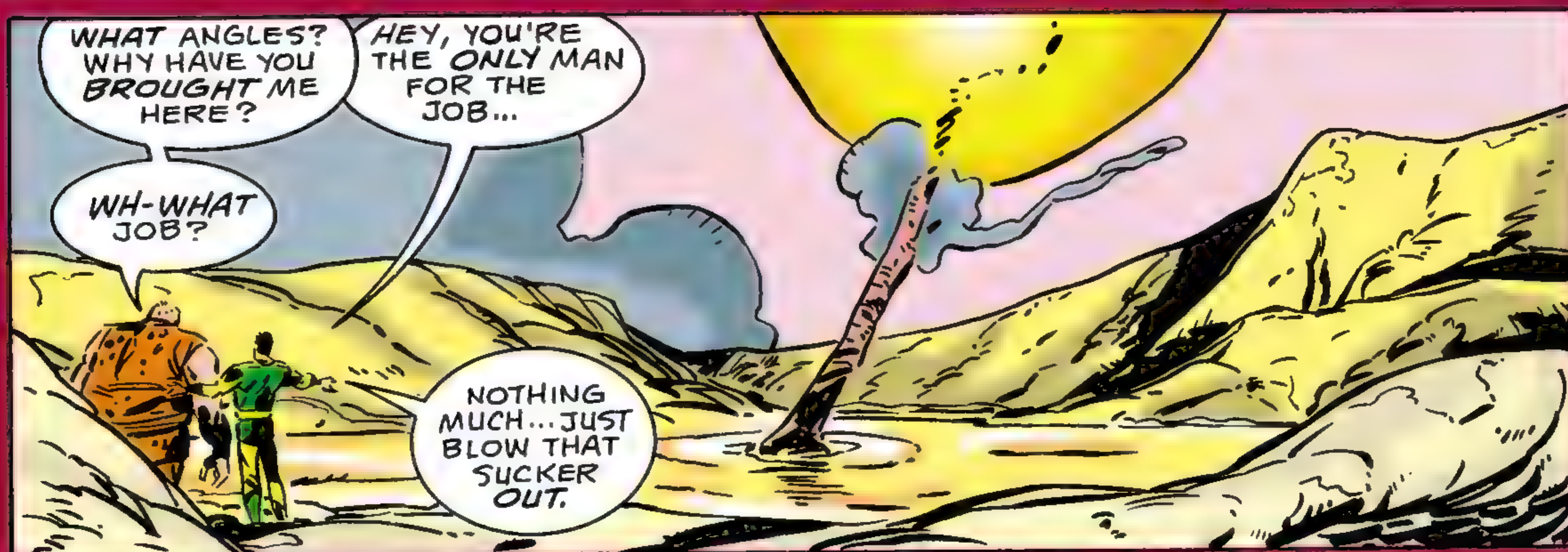
I EAT THE
SHACKLES...



...SO THE SHACKLES
CAN'T HURT US...
RIGHT?

WE'LL BE
PUNISHED.
I JUST KNOW
MY ORGANS
ARE GOING TO
BURST!

C'MON,
BIG GUY.
DON'T BUST
A WURLITZER.
I'VE GOT ALL
THE ANGLES
FIGURED...

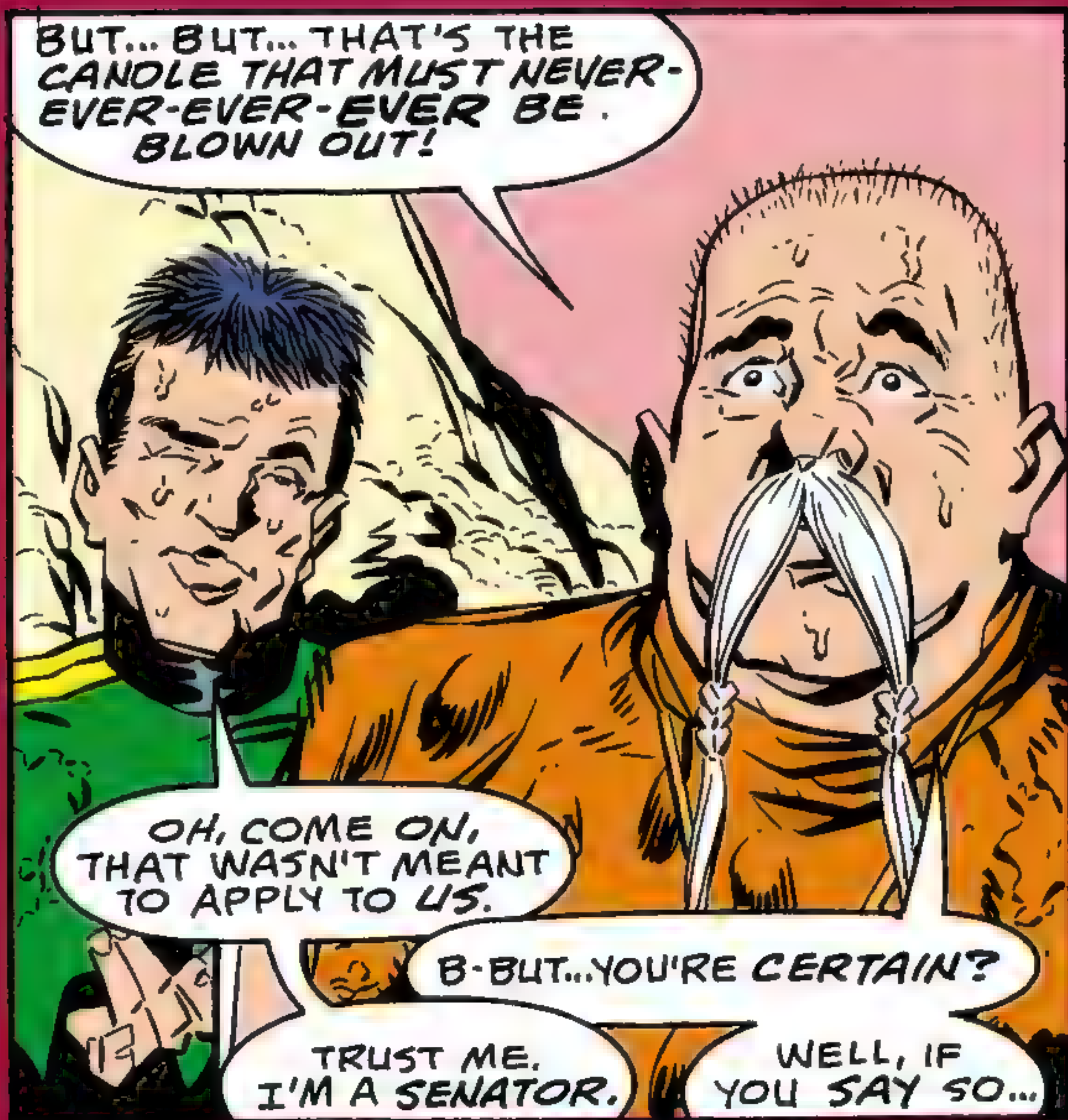


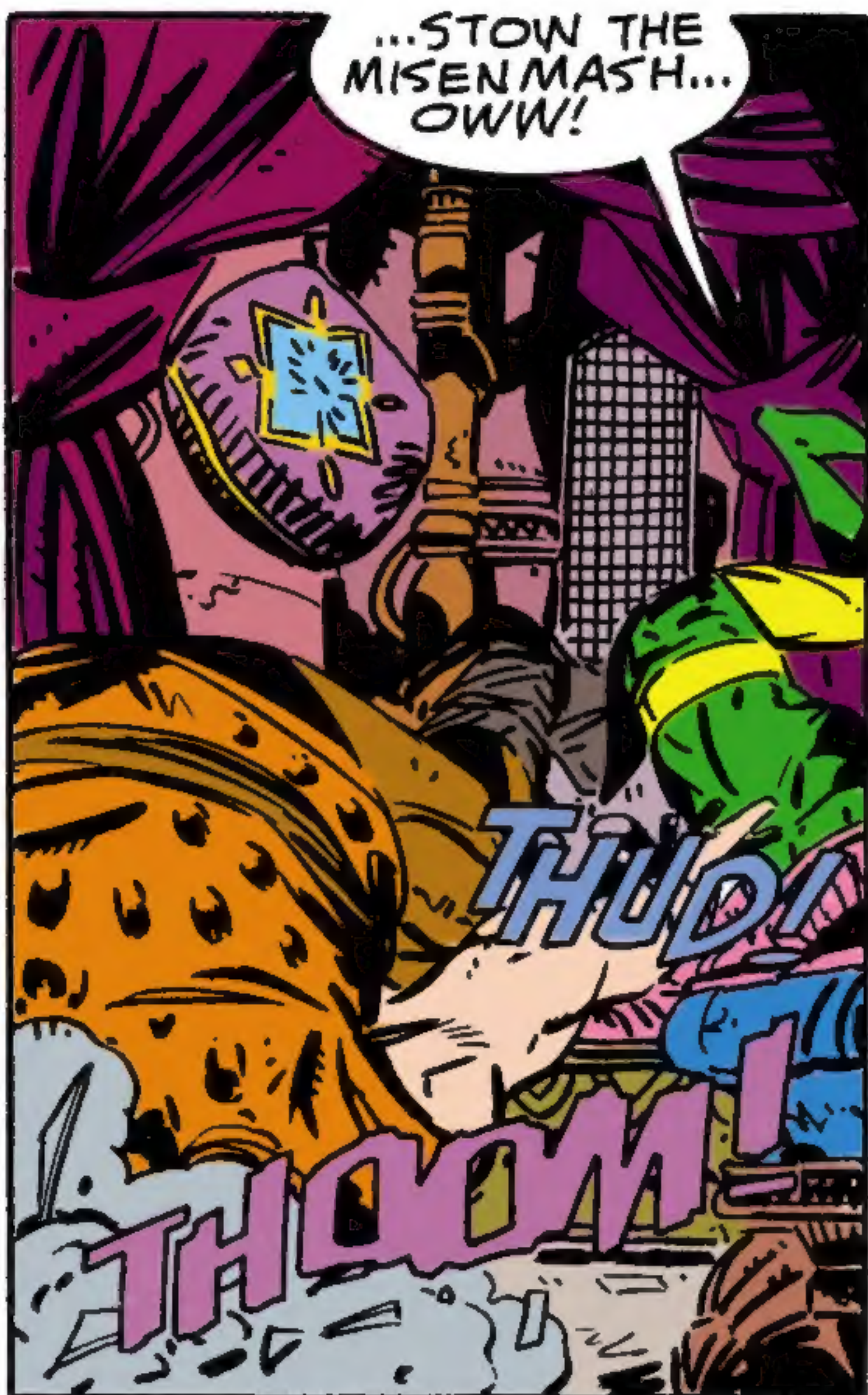
WHAT ANGLES?
WHY HAVE YOU
BROUGHT ME
HERE?

HEY, YOU'RE
THE ONLY MAN
FOR THE
JOB...

WH-WHAT
JOB?

NOTHING
MUCH... JUST
BLOW THAT
SUCKER
OUT.





...STOW THE MISENMASH...
OWW!



THIS--THIS IS THE
PALACE OF EVILLO!
B-BY BLOWING OUT
THE CANDLE, WE'VE
UNRAVELLED THE
DARK REALM!

PRECISELY.

thud thud



WELL, LOOK WHO
FINALLY DECIDED TO
POP BACK IN.

CAL!
ARE YOU
OKAY?!

thud



NO THANKS
TO YOU!
WHERE
HAVE YOU
BEEN?!

OH, GOD, YOU
WOULDN'T
BELIEVE IT!

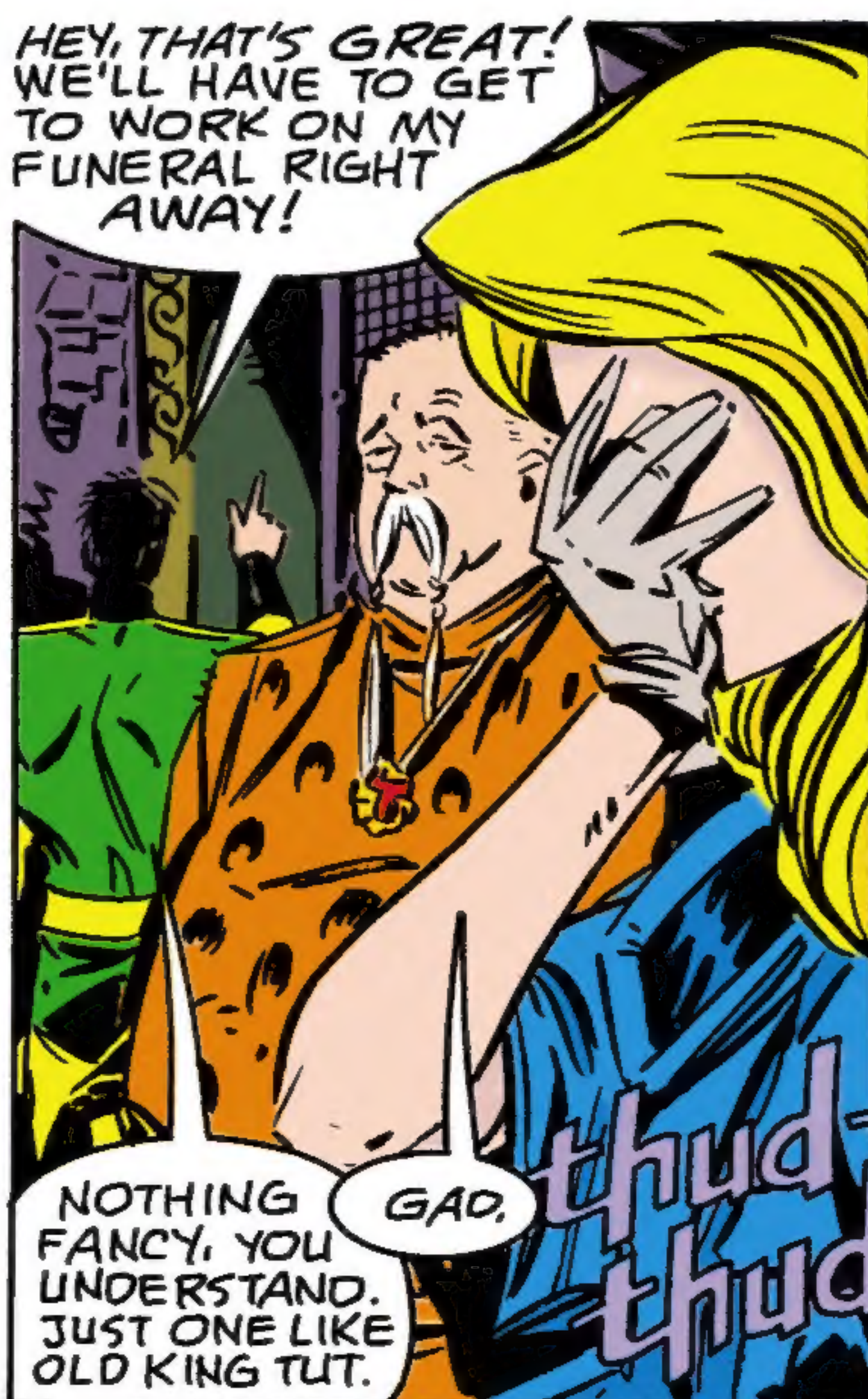
TO A PLACE
THAT'S NEVER
HEARD OF
DAISY-DENT
NEUTRON
BREATH
SPRAY!

thud-thud



WELL, WHILE YOU
WERE OUT PLAYING
AROUND, THE
OPPOSITION PARTY
HAD YOU DECLARED
DEAD!

REALLY?

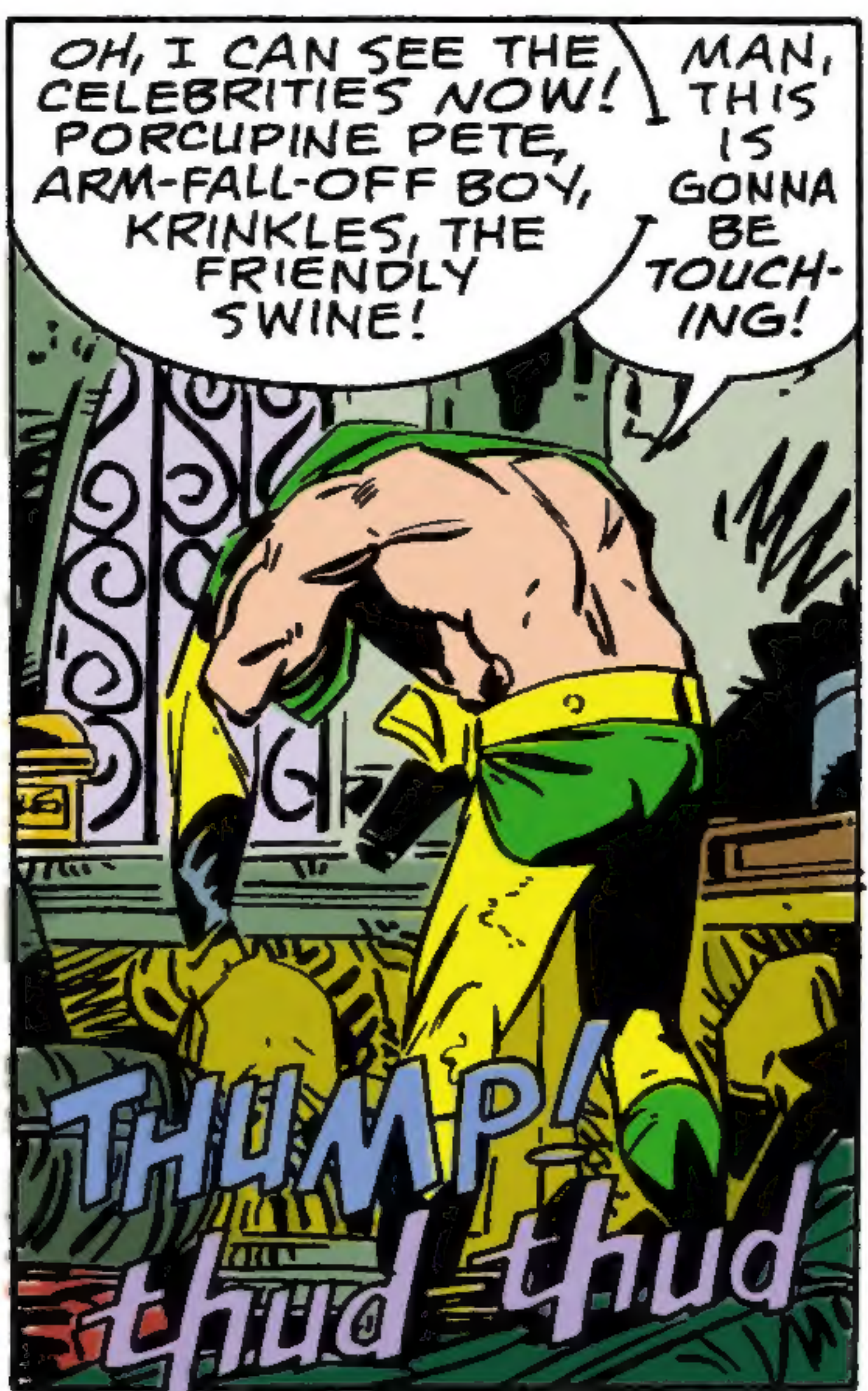


HEY, THAT'S GREAT!
WE'LL HAVE TO GET
TO WORK ON MY
FUNERAL RIGHT
AWAY!

NOTHING
FANCY, YOU
UNDERSTAND.
JUST ONE LIKE
OLD KING TUT.

GAD,

thud
thud



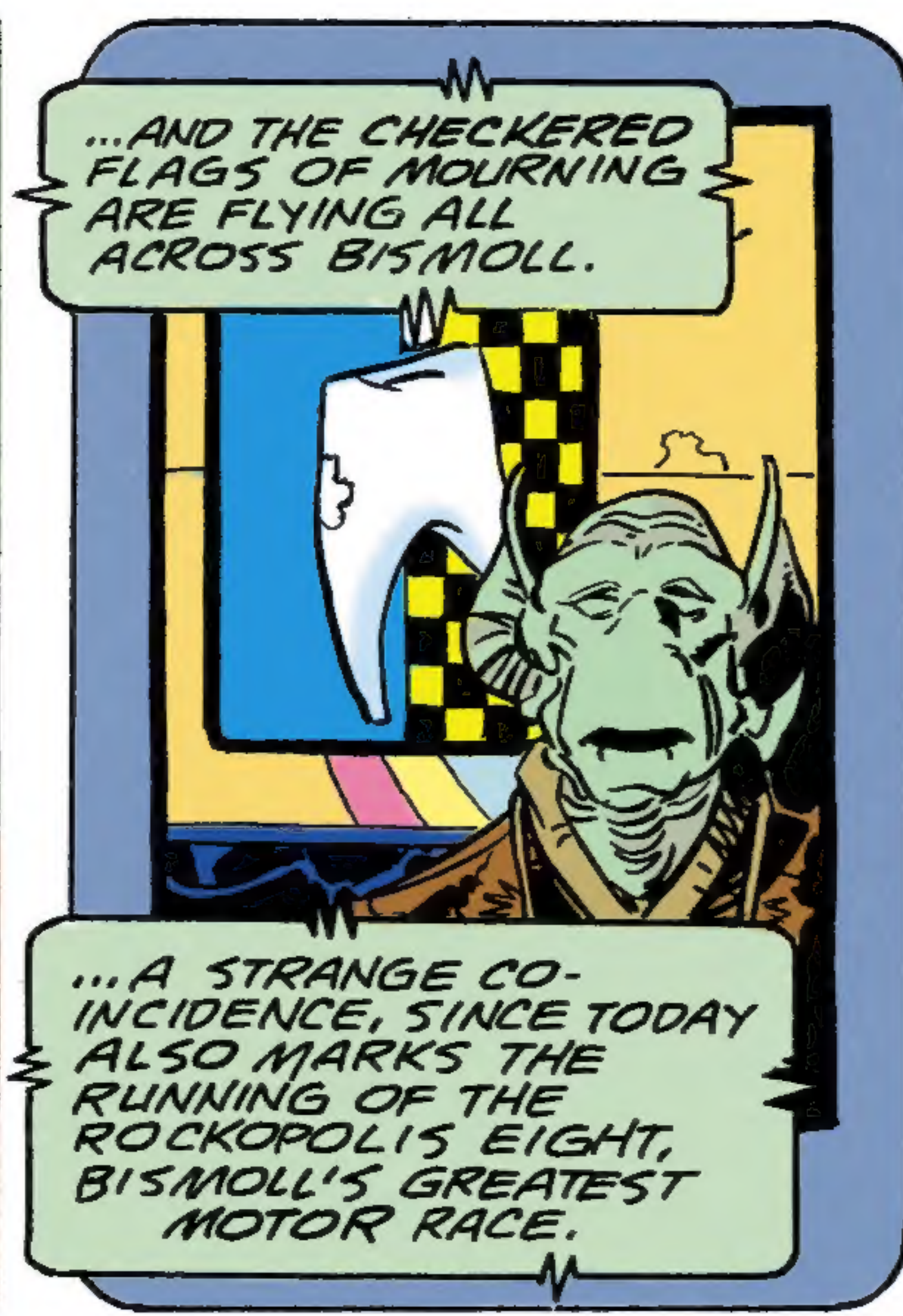
OH, I CAN SEE THE
CELEBRITIES NOW!
PORCUPINE PETE,
ARM-FALL-OFF BOY,
KRINKLES, THE
FRIENDLY
SWINE!

MAN, THIS
IS
GONNA
BE
TOUCH-
ING!

THUMP!
thud thud

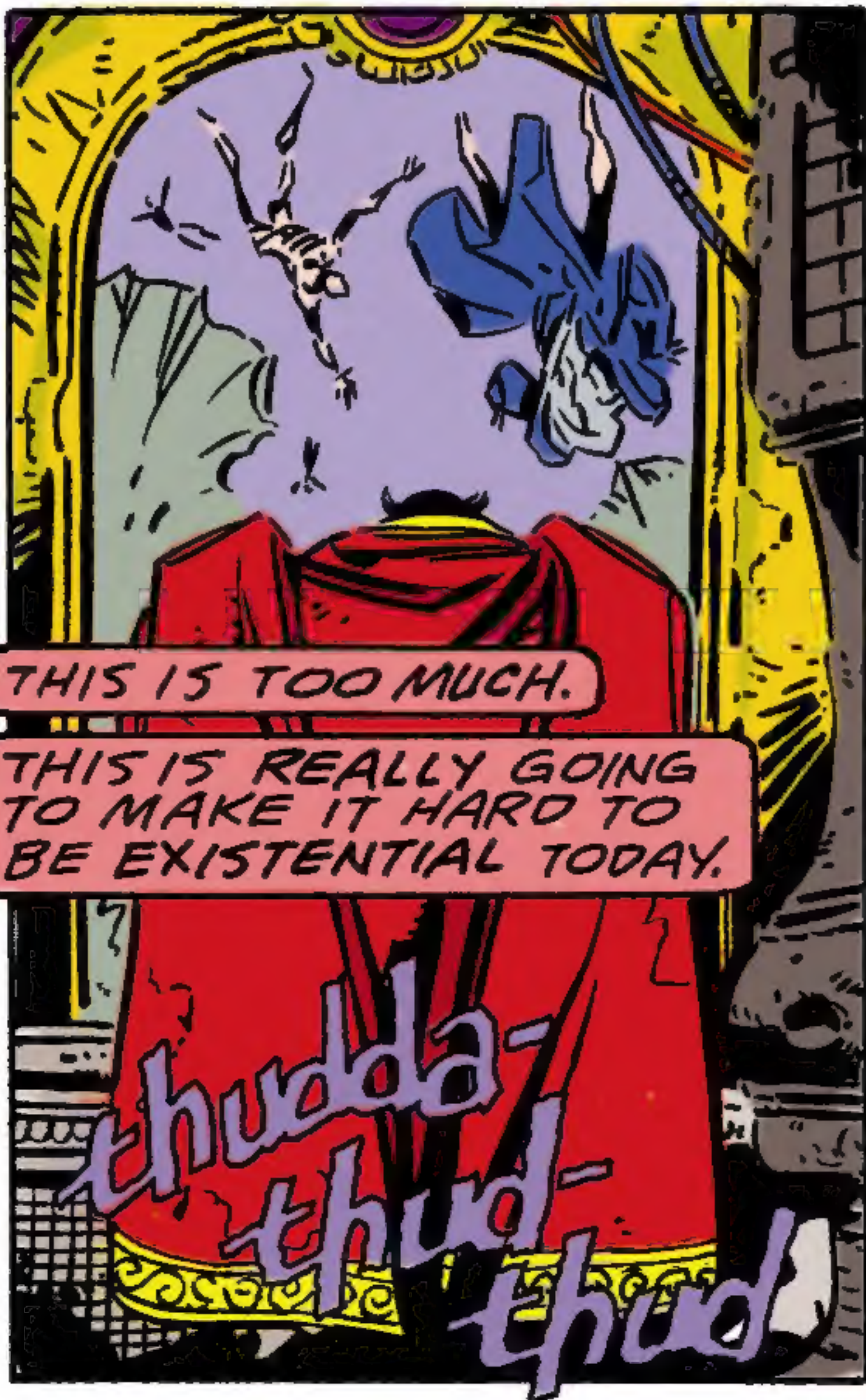


THERE WON'T BE
A DRYEYE IN THE
HOUSE WHEN I RISE
OUT OF THE COFFIN
AND DELIVER MY
OWN EULOGY.

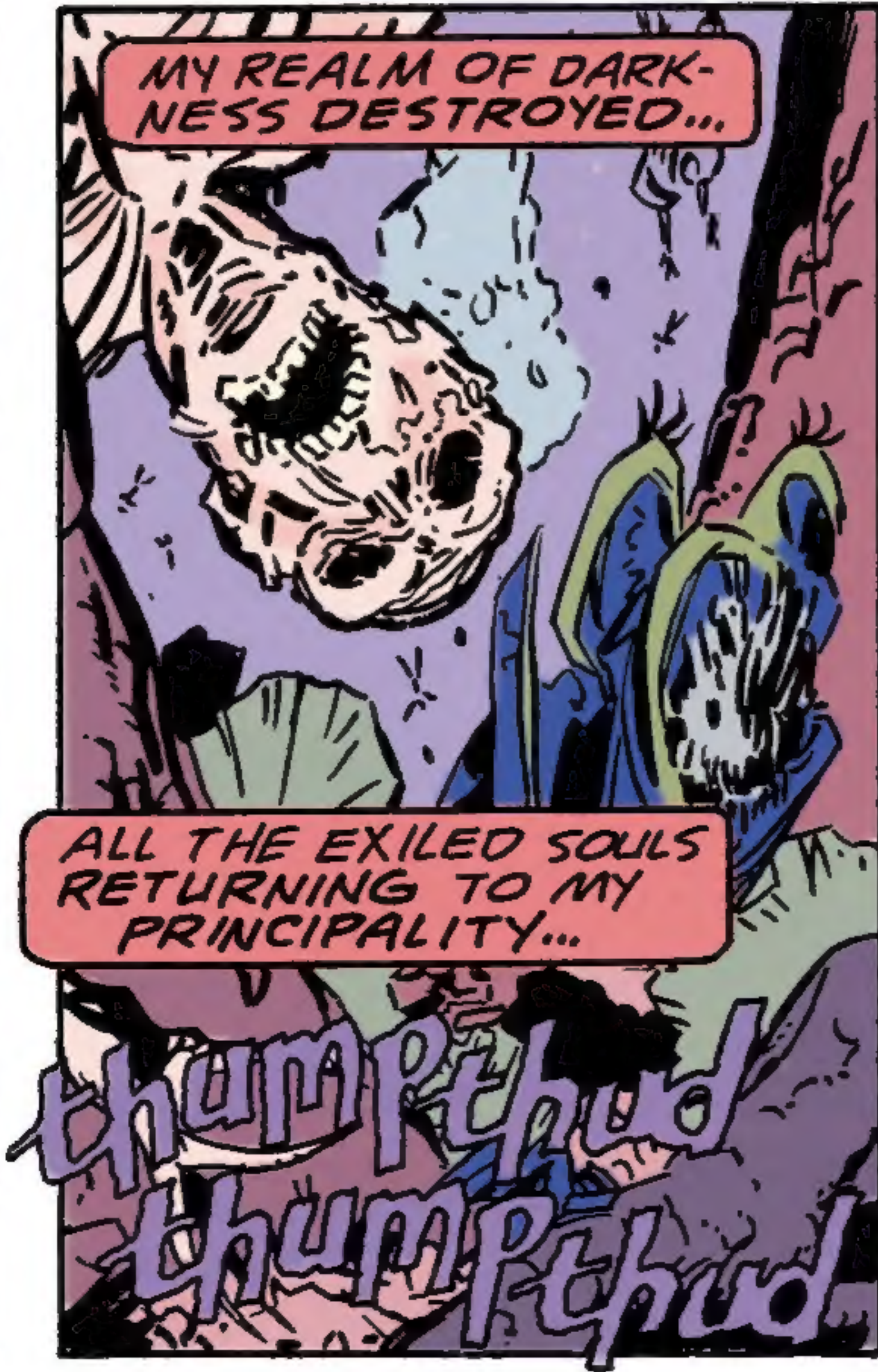


...AND THE CHECKERED
FLAGS OF MOURNING
ARE FLYING ALL
ACROSS BISMOLL.

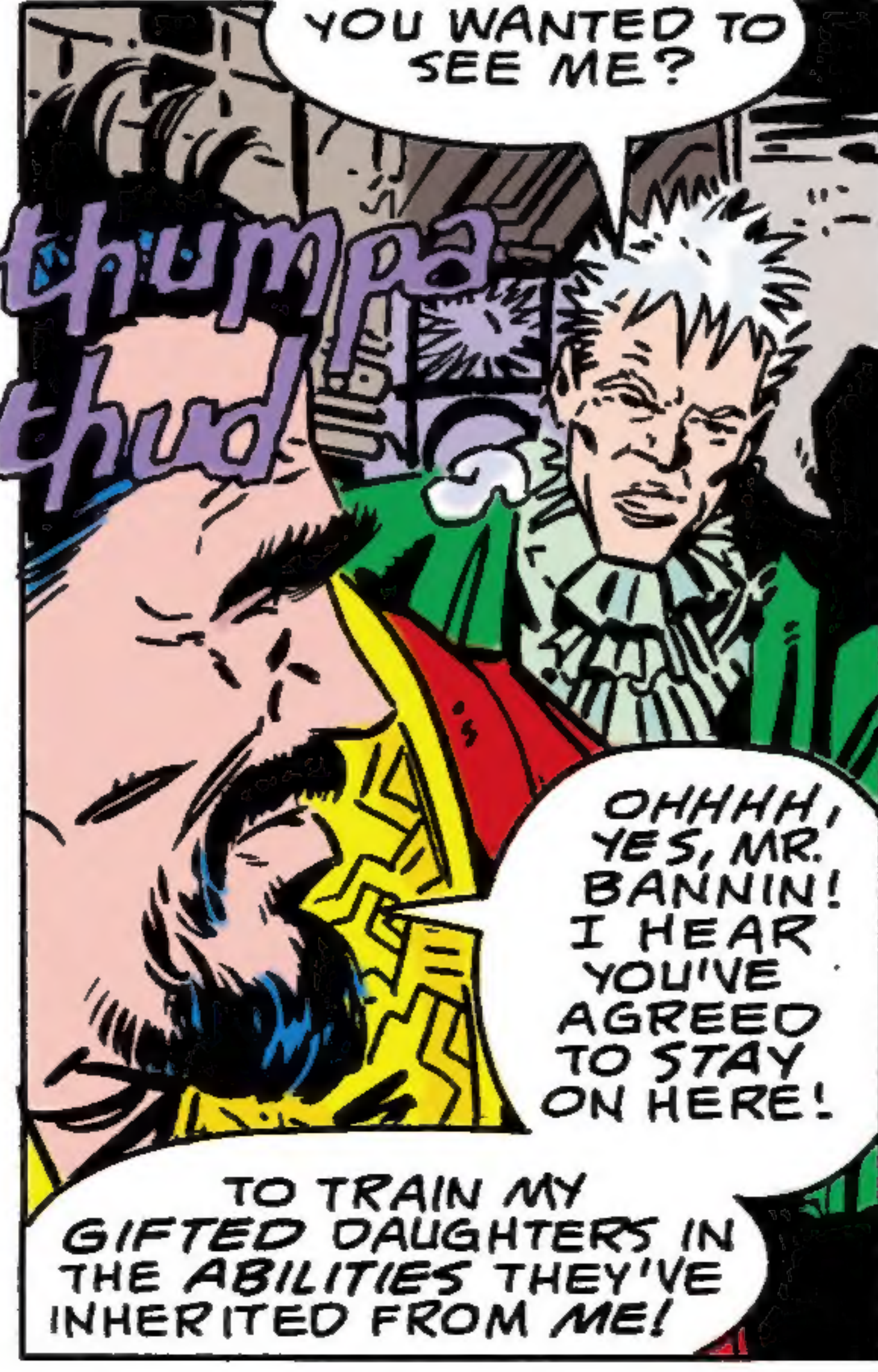
...A STRANGE CO-
INCIDENCE, SINCE TODAY
ALSO MARKS THE
RUNNING OF THE
ROCKOPOLIS EIGHT,
BISMOLL'S GREATEST
MOTOR RACE.



THIS IS TOO MUCH.
THIS IS REALLY GOING
TO MAKE IT HARD TO
BE EXISTENTIAL TODAY.



MY REALM OF DARK-
NESS DESTROYED...
ALL THE EXILED SOULS
RETURNING TO MY
PRINCIPALITY...



YOU WANTED TO
SEE ME?
OHhhh,
YES, MR.
BANNIN!
I HEAR
YOU'VE
AGREED
TO STAY
ON HERE!
TO TRAIN MY
GIFTED DAUGHTERS IN
THE ABILITIES THEY'VE
INHERITED FROM ME!



...MOLD THEM
INTO SUPER-HERO
MATERIAL!
THAT'S
RIGHT.
WELL, MR. BANNIN,
JUST REMEMBER THIS:
YOU LAY ONE HAND
ON EITHER OF THEM...



...AND
YOU'LL
KNOW
WHY THE
GELDING
SINGS!
EVILLO?



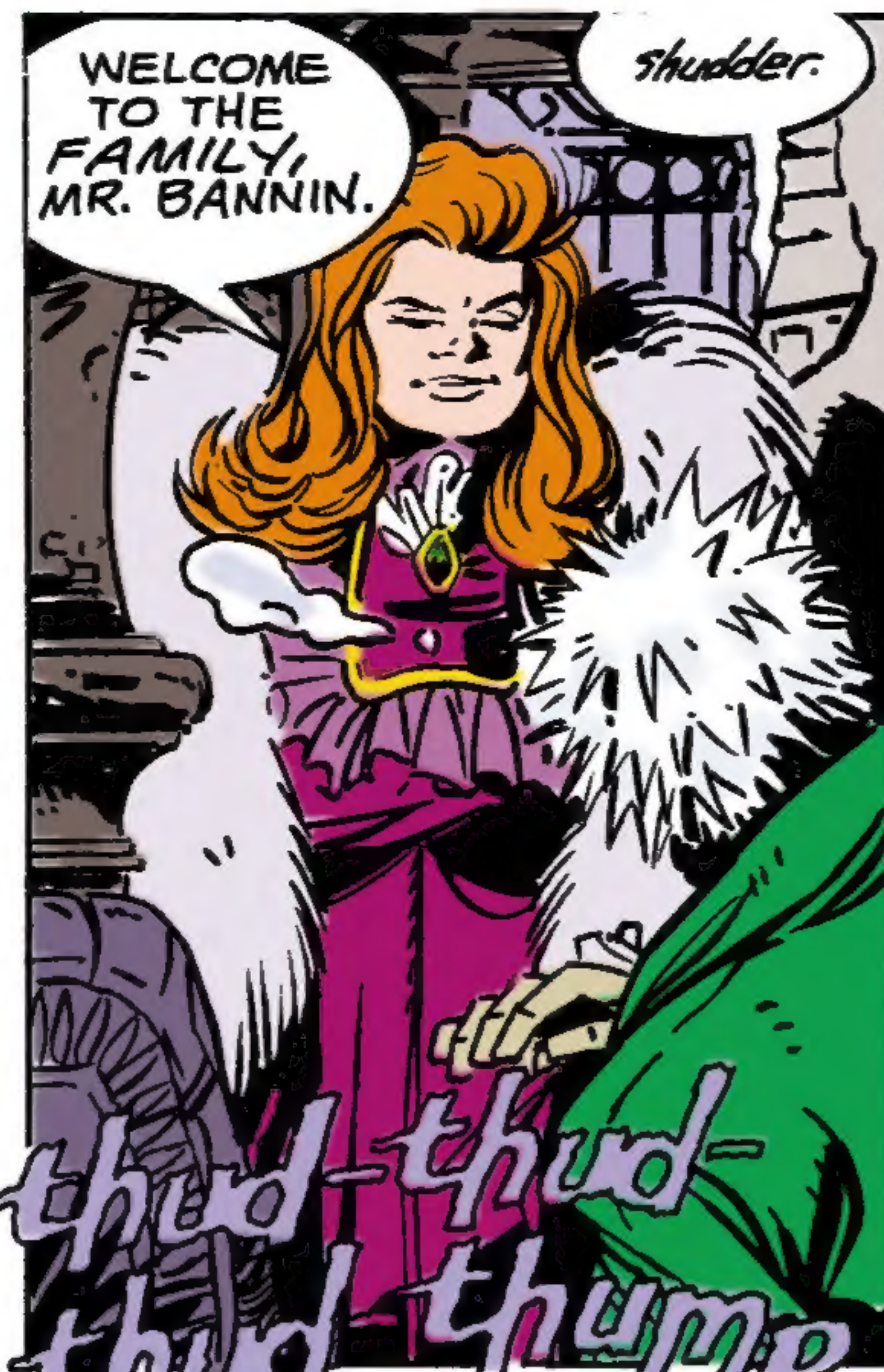
EVILLO! EVILLO? EVILLO?
THADEUS? EVILLO!
HUH? WHA--?
NO! IT CAN'T
BE!



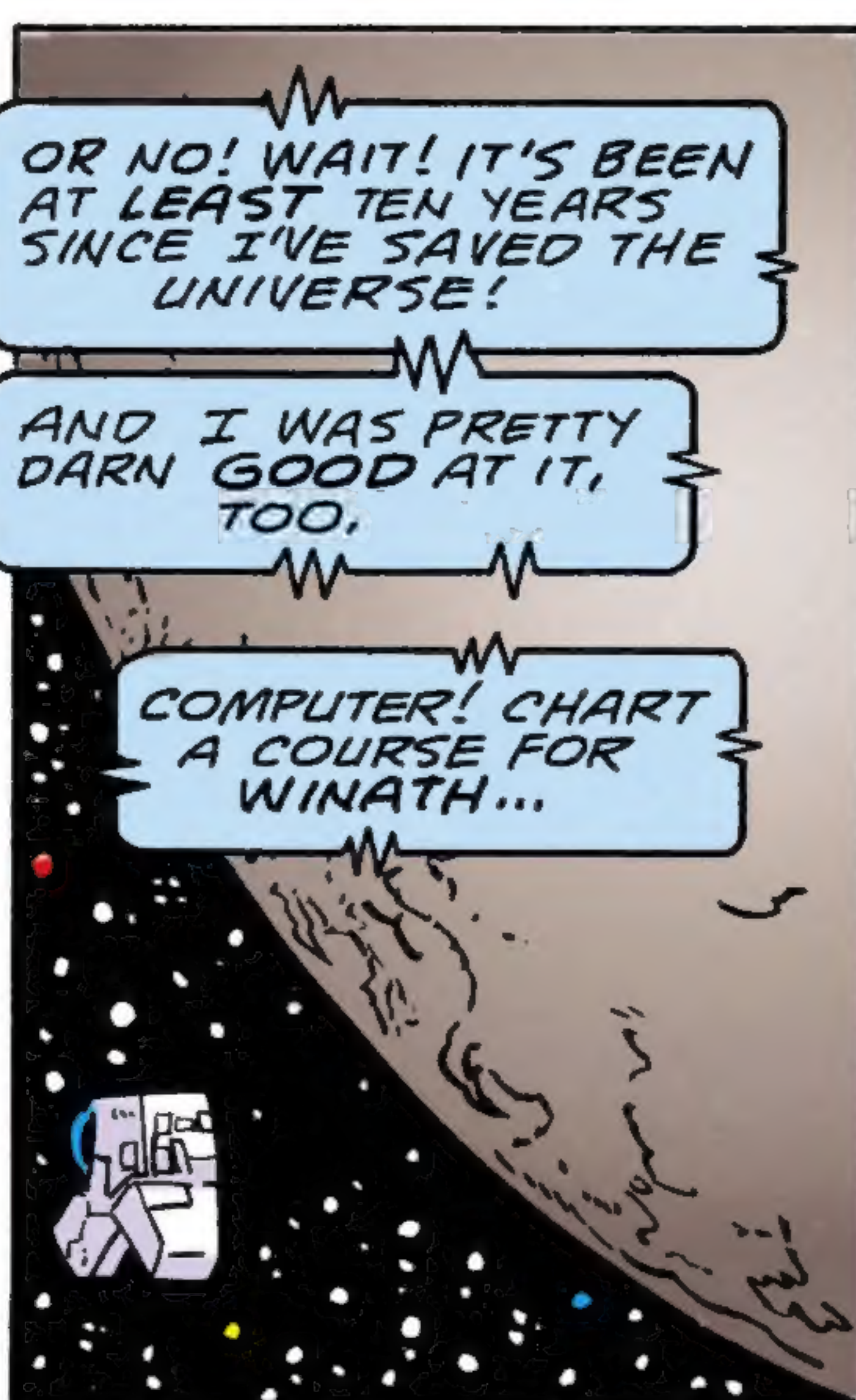
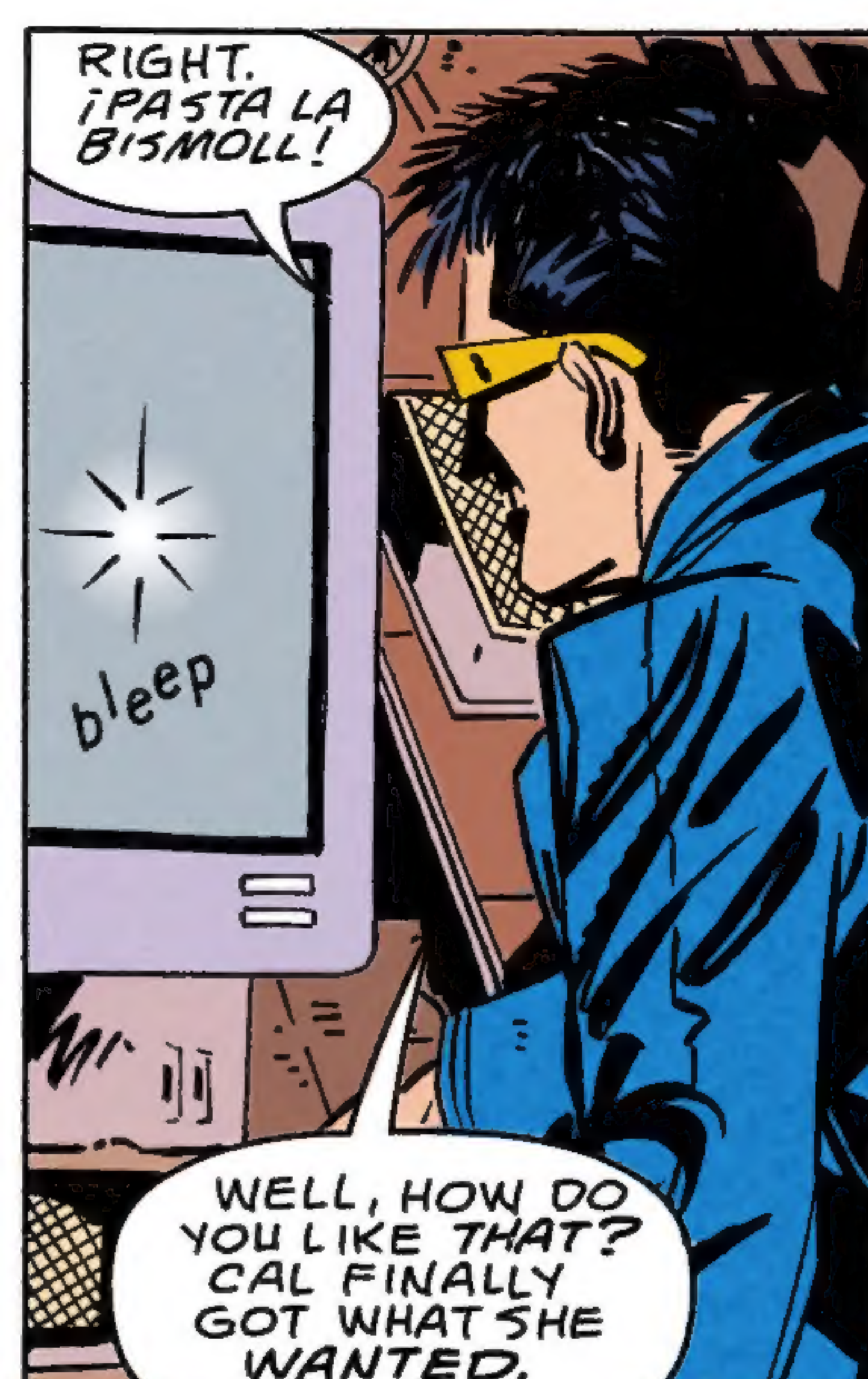
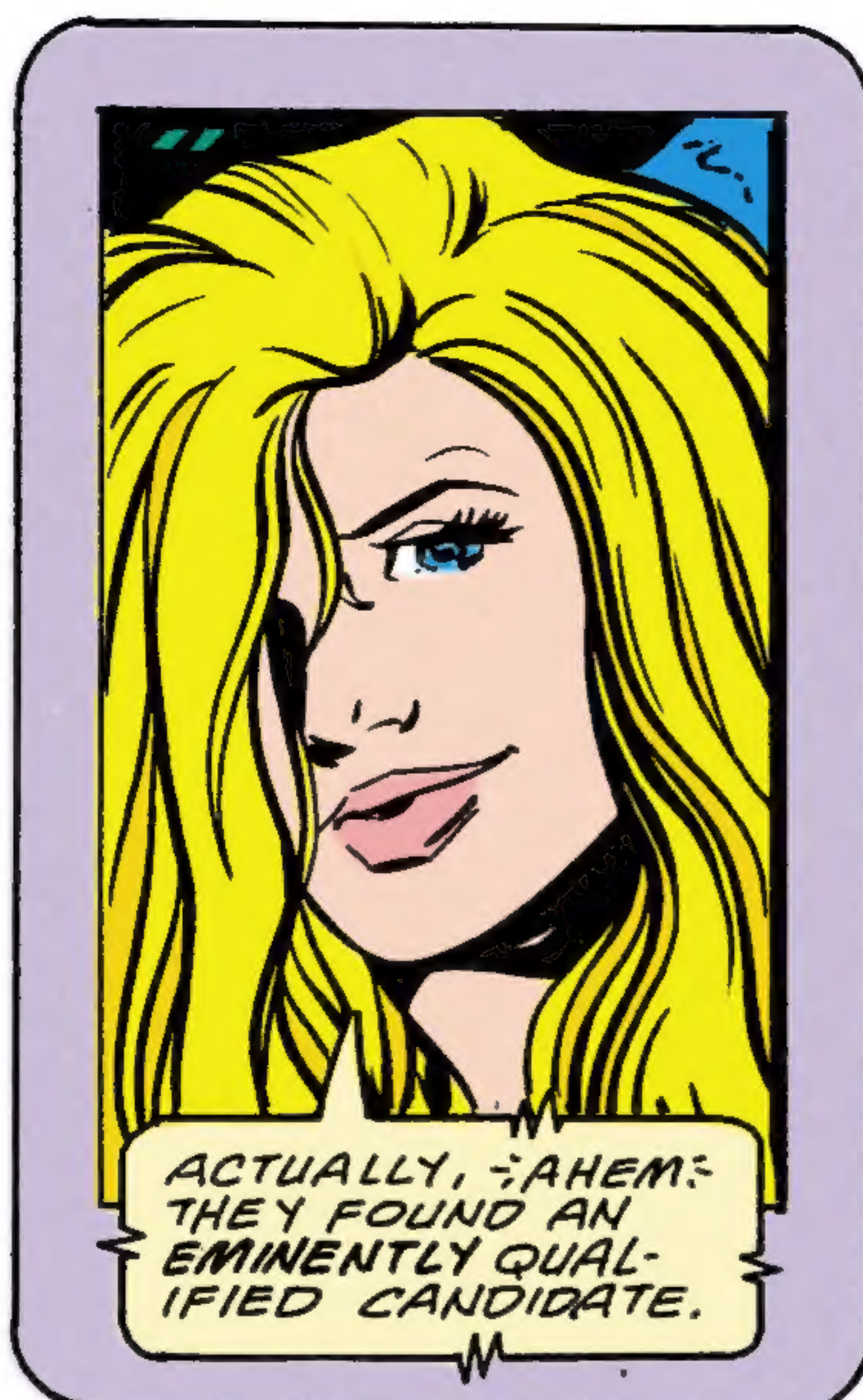
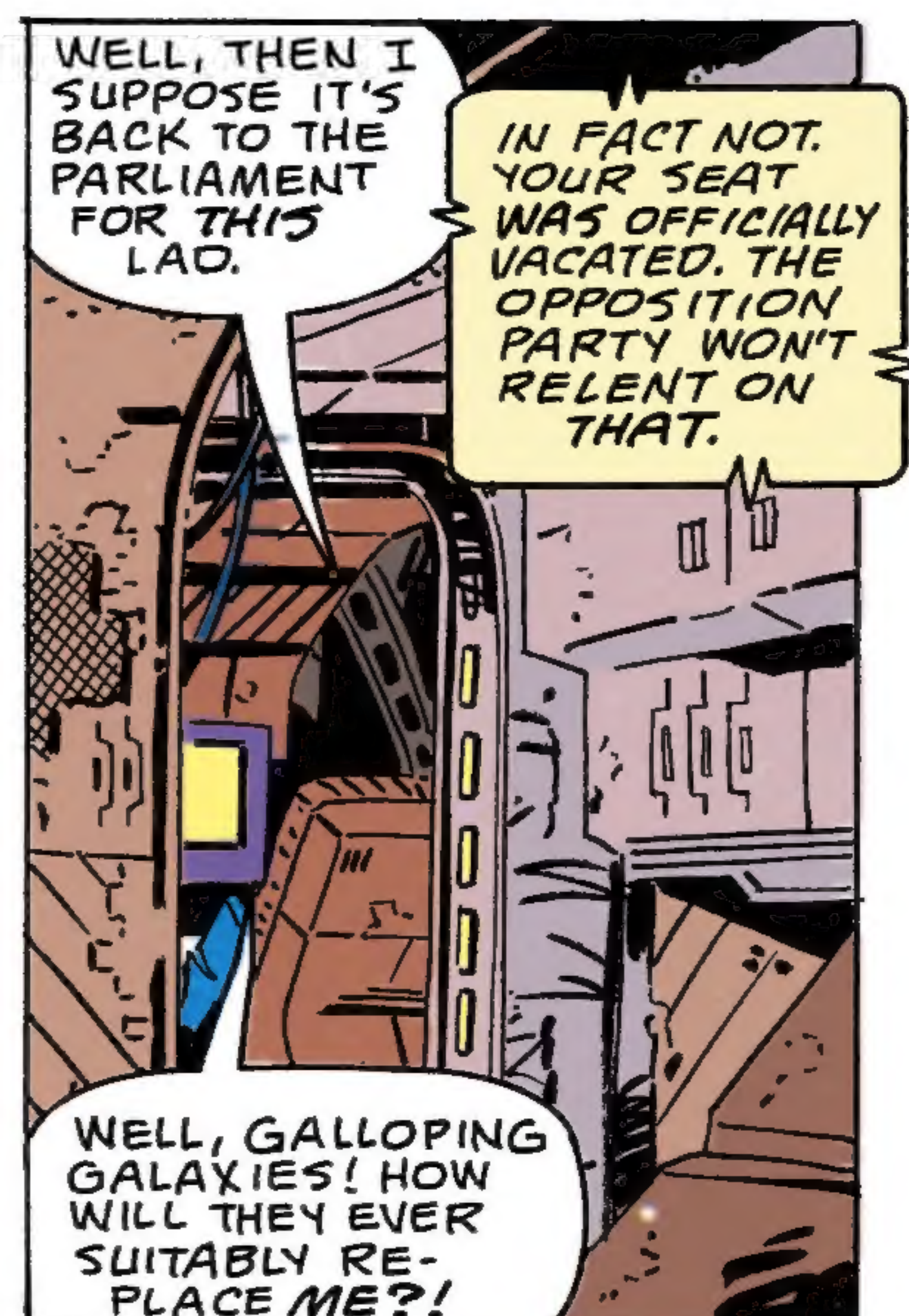
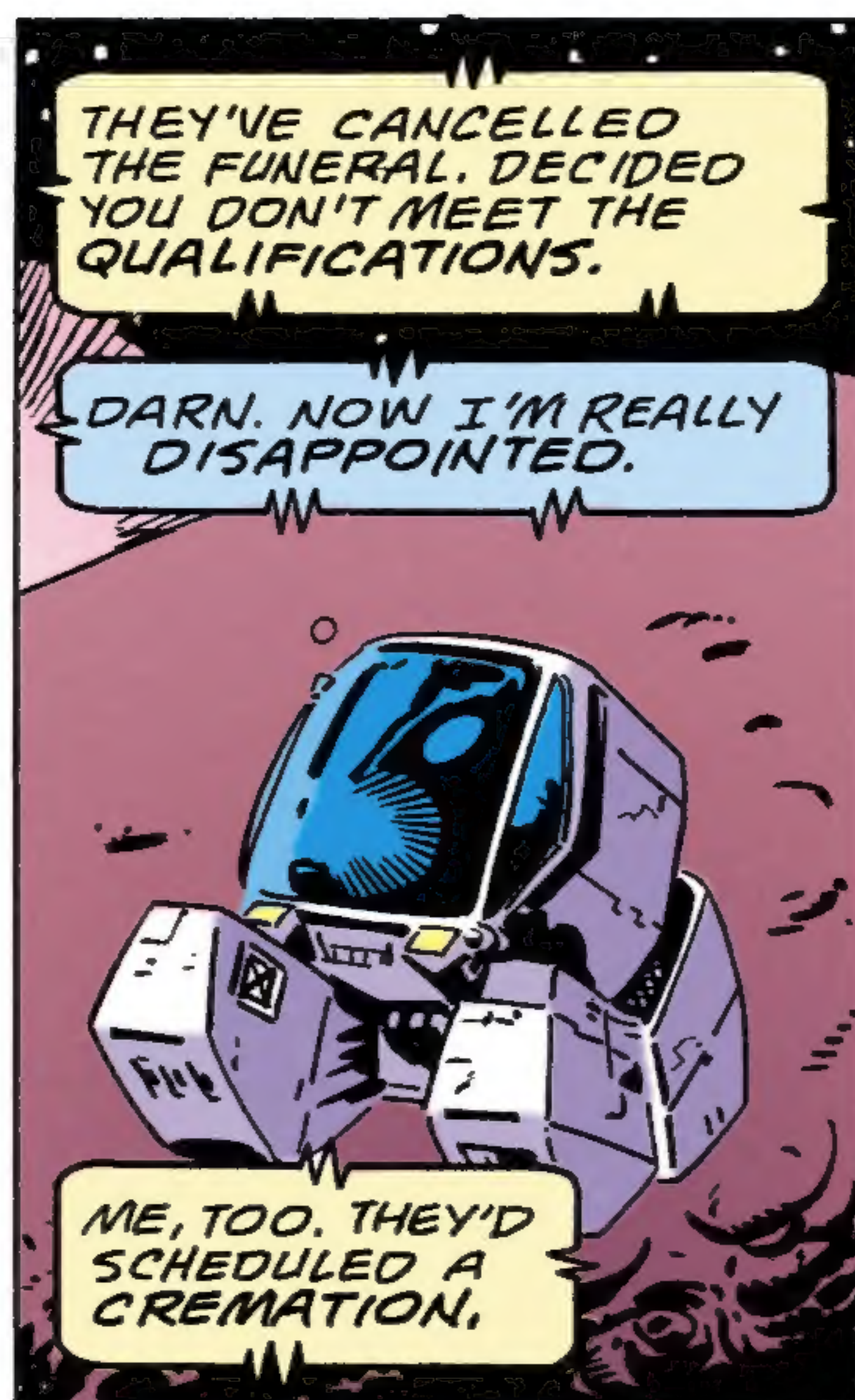
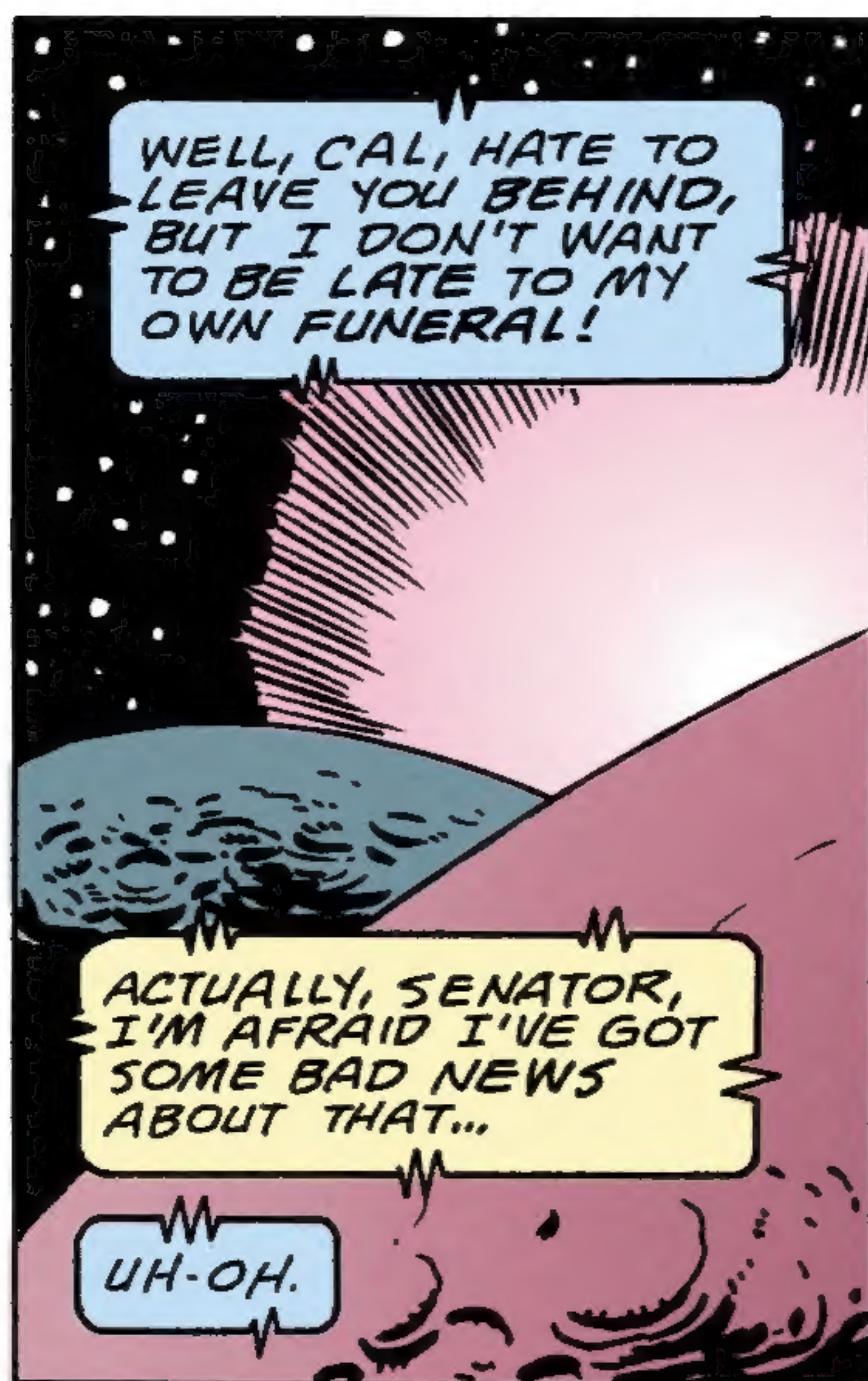
MY-MY
WIVES! THEY'VE
RETURNED!
EVILLO!
EVILLO?
EVILLO!
NO...
NO...



NNNOOO!
GASP!



WELCOME
TO THE
FAMILY,
MR. BANNIN.
shudder.
thud-thud-thud



LEGION COMMUNIQUÉ: Dec. 27, 2995

To: Cham

From: Loomis

Re: Disposition of Proposed New Headquarters



Despite the noblest of intentions, your good friend Garth, it turns out, has a rather romanticized vision of the space station he's granted us. What he describes as a promising "fixer-upper" is, alas, more of a tearer-downer.

What Garth never suspected is that his most recent tenants, who moved out about a year ago, neglected, eliminated, and otherwise abused much of the station's high-tech capacity. Apparently they had little use for it, since, as near as I can figure, they were running what might be described as an interplanetary rest stop. Yes, it's my sad duty to inform you that what was once the proud prototype station for the proposed Lightning Ring Space Salvage Network is now more of a local franchise for Massage-O-Rama.

That doesn't mean we can't whip this thing into pretty good shape on a fairly reasonable budget. The price is right and the superstructure is definitely what you want. Fair warning, though: I think we're talking something in the mid-seven-figure range to bring this baby up to specs.

The good news is the structure provides the kind of armor needed to hold *out* anything this side of the Khunds and hold *in* just about anything of Brainiac 5's that might go awry. The salvage business must've been damn competitive if Garth and Imra thought their stations needed *this* kind of shielding.

And Garth's right. Talus itself is a tinkerer's paradise. The planetoid is literally made up of the mashed-together hulks of eons worth of spacecraft. They seem to have collected in a Lagrangian point created by Erkenhom and its largest moon. An ancient Dominion Battlewagon is at the core, still generating enough artificial gravity to attract an occasional addition to the collection.

There are signs of some minor habitation of Talus in the past, particularly a fascinating set of catacombs throughout the planetoid.

Facilities at the station itself are extensive, but mostly neglected and in desperate need of attention, since Massage-O-Rama apparently only bothered with maintenance on the Vibro-Fingers equipment.

There's also a small fleet of shuttles and salvage rigs, but these tubs will serve as little more than basic transportation. You're going to need to trade up significantly if you ever want to show your face at the local drag strip.

The biggest problem with the station is power capacity. I'm just the hired help, but from what I can see, the station as now configured is probably only going to deliver about 25% of what you need. I suggest you reshell the entire daylight exposure with solar-receptive shielding, which would give you enough power to accommodate just about any experiment Brainiac 5 could dream up (but don't mention it to him in those terms—that kid will consider it a challenge).

They've got some really cute security devices here, but they're mostly designed with the S.P. vice squad in mind, so count on investing significantly in security, monitoring and shielding technology. As you know, you could cut the monitoring costs in half by staffing the place with Probes, but you also know how I feel about that sort of thing. Let's leave the mechanical work to the mechanicals.

The Massage-O-Rama folks did install enough extra sleeping arrangements to accommodate your whole crew and then some, but you'll want to budget for an interior makeover, unless you have a fondness for crushed velvet. I particularly recommend you replace the bathing facilities, which tend to be heart-shaped.

Our predecessors ran a respectable coffee shop-type facility that can convert nicely to meet your dining needs. Excess hangar space will easily accommodate the required meeting halls, training facilities, etc.

Anyway, let me know ASAP if this is a go, folks. It's going to take a little time.

